

WHEN YOV SEE ME,
You know me.

Or the famous Chronicle History of king
Henrie the Eight, with the birth and vertuous life
of EDVVARD Prince of Wales.

*As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales
his seruants.*

By SAMVELL ROVVLY, seruant
to the Prince.



AT LONDON.

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Of the famous Chronicle History of King

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As it was playd by the high and mighty Prince of Wales

in person.

By SAMUEL ROBERT, Gent.

to the Prince.



LONDON.

When you see mee, You know me.

¶ *Enter the Cardinall with the Embassadors of France, in all state and
royalty, the Purse and Mace before him.*

Woolsey.



Entlemen giue leaue: you great Embassadors,
From *Francis* the most Christian King of *France*:
My Lord of *Paris*, and Lord *Bonnet*,
Welcome to England: since the King your maister,
Intreates our furtherance to aduance his peace,
Giuing vs titles of high dignitie,

As next elect to Romes Supremacie.

Tell him, we haue so wrought with English *Henry*,

(Who, as his right hand loues the Cardinall)

That vn-delaide, you shall haue audience:

And this day will the King in person sit

To heare your message, and to answer it.

Bonnet: Your grace hath done vs double curtesie:

For so much doth the King our maister long,

To haue an answer of this Embassage,

As minutes are thought months, till we returne.

Paris. And that is the cause his highnesse moues your grace,

To quicke dispatch betwixt the King and him:

And for a quittance of your forwardnesse,

And hopefull kindenesse to the Crowne of *France*,

Twelue reuerent Bishops are sent post to Rome.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Both from his highnesse and the Emperour,
To moue *Campesius* and the Cardinals,
For your election to the papall throne,
That *Woolfies* head may weare the triple Crowne.

Wool. Wee thanke his highnesse for remembring vs.
And to salute my Lord the Emperour,
Both which (if *Woolfie* be made Pope of Rome)
Shall be made famous though all Christendome.
How now *Bonner*?

g. Emper Bonner

Bon. Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse comes,
To do a message to your Excellence.

Wool. Delay him a while, and tell him we are busie,
Meane time my Lords you shall withdraw you selues,
Our private conference must not be knowne,
Let all your gentlemen in their best array,
Attend you brauely to King *Henries* Court,
Where with in person presently will meeete you:
And doubt not weele preuaile successefully.

Bon. But hath your grace yet moued his highnesse sister,
For kind acceptance of our Soveraignes loue?

Wool. I haue, and by the Kings meanes finisht it,
And yet it was a taske, I tell ye Lords,
That might haue been imposed to *Heracles*,
To win a Ladie of her spirit and yeares.
To see her first loue crown'd with silver haire,
As old King *Lewes* is, that bedrid lies,
Vnsit for loue, or worldly vanities.

Bon. But tis his Countries peace the Kings respects.

Wool. We thinke no lesse, & wee haue fully wrought in,
The Emperours forces that were leuied,
To inuade the frontyes of low Burgondie,
Are staid in Brabant by the Kings command,
The admirall *Hymard* that was lately sent
With threescore saile of ships and pinaces,
To batter downe the townes in Normandy,
Is by our care for him, cald home againe:
Then doubt not of a faire successfull end,



When you see me, you know me.

Since *Wolfe* is esteemed your Soueraignes friend.

Par. Wee thanke your Excellence, and take burleaues,

Wool. Haft ye to Court, Ile meet you presently.

Bone. God morrow to your grace.

Wool. God morrow Lords, goe call Sir *William Compton* in.

Wee must haue narrow eyes, and quicke conceits,

To looke into these dangerous stratagems.

I will effect for *France*, as they forme me:

If *Woolfe* to the Popes high state attaine,

The league is kept, or else heele breakt againe.

Enter Bonner and Compton.

Now good Sir *William*.

Comp. The king my Lord intreates your reuerent grace,

There may be had some priuate conference,

Betwixt his highnesse and your Excellence,

Before he heare the French Embassadors.

And wils you hasten your repaire to him.

Wool. Wee will attend his highnesse presently.

Bonner, see all our traine beset in readinesse.

That in our state and pompe pontificall,

Wee may passe on to grace King *Henries Court*.

Comp. I haue a message from the *Queene my Lord*,

Who much commends, and humbly thanks your grace,

For your exceeding loue, and zealous prayers,

By your directions through all England sent,

To snuocate for her sound prosperous helpe,

By heauens faire hand in Child-bed passions.

Wool. Wee thanke her highnesse that accepts our loue,

In all Cathedrall Churches through the Land,

Are Masses, Dirges, and professions sung;

With prayers to heauen to blisse her Maiestie,

And send her joy, and quicke deliuey:

And so Sir *William* do my duty to her,

Queene Iane was euer kind and courteous,

And alwayes of her Subiects honoured.

Comp. I take my leave my Lord.

When you see me, you know mee.

Wool. Adew good Knights, weele follow presently,
Now *Woolsey* worke thy wittes like gaddes of Steele,
And make them plyable to all impreffions,
That King and Queene and all may honour thee:
So toild not *Cesar* in the state of Rome,
As *Woolsey* labours in the affaires of Kings,
As *Hanniball* with oyle did melt the Alpes,
To make a passage into *Italie*:
So must we beare our high pitch *Eminence*
To digge for glory in the hearts of men,
Till we haue got the Papall diadem:
And to this end haue I compos'd this plot,
And made a League betweene the French and vs:
And matcht their aged King in holy Mariage,
With Lady *Mary* Royall *Henries* sister:
That he in peace plotting with the Emperor,
May pleade for vs within the Courts of Rome:
Wherefore was *Alexanders* fame so great,
But that he conquered and deposed Kings:
And where doth *Woolsey* faile to follow him,
That thus commandeth Kings and Emperors?
Great Englands Lord haue I now won with words:
That vnder colour of aduising him,
I ouer-rule both Council, Court, and King:
Let him command, but we will execute,
Making our glory to out-shine his fame,
Till we haue purchast an eternall name.

Enter Bonner.

Now *Bonner*, are those proclamations sent,
As we directed to the Sherifes of London,
Of certaine new deuised Articles,
For ordering those brothelles called the Stewes?

Bon. They are readie my Lord, and the Shrieue attends for them.

Wool. Dispatch him quickly, and hast after me,
We must attend the Kings high Maicstie,
Sound Trumpets, *Enter King Harry the Eighth, Queene Jane biggish*
Child, the Cardinall, Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolke, Dudley, Gray,
Compton, the Lady Mary, the Countesse of Salisbury attending on the Q.

When you see me, you know me.

King. Charles Brandon, Dudley, and my good Lord Gray,
Prepare your selues, and be in readinesse,
To entertaine these French Embassadors,
Meet them before our Royall Pallace Gate,
And so conduct them to our Maiestie.
We meane this day to giue them Audience.

Dud. Gray. We will my Lord.

Bran. Let one attend without,
And bring vs word when they are comming on.

King. How now Queene Iane (Mother of God) my loue
Thou wilt neuer be able to sit halfe this time:
Ladies, I feare shee wake ye, yer belong,
Me thinkes shee beares her burthen very heauily,
And yet good sister and my honored Lords,
If this faire houre exceed not her expect,
And passe the kallender of her accounts,
Shee will heare this Embassage, Iane wilt thou not?

Qu: Iane. Yes my deare Lord, I cannot leaue your sight:
So long as life retaines this Mansion,
In whose sweet looks bright Soueraignies in Throne,
That make all nations loue and honor thee,
Within thy frame sits awfull Maiestie,
Wreathed in the curled furrowes of thy fronte:
Admird and feared euen of thine enemies,
To be with thee, is my felicitie.

Not to behold the state of all the world,
Could winne thy Queene, thy sicke ynwildie Queene,
To leaue her chamber, in this mothers state,
But sight of thee vnequall Potentate.

King. Goda mercie Iane, reach me thy Princely hand.
Thou art now a right woman, goodly, chiefe of thy sex,
Me thinkes thou art a Queene superlatiue,
Mother a God, this is a womans glorie,
Like good September Vines, loden with fruit,
How ill did they define the names of women,
Adding so foule a preposition,
To call it woe to man, tis woe from man,
If woe it be, and then who dus not know,

When you see me, you know me.

That women still from men receive their woo,
Yet, they love men for it, but what's their gain,
Poore soules no more but trauell for their paine,
Come, love thou art sad, call *Will Summers* in, to
Make her merry, where is the foole to day?

Dud. He was met my Liege, they say at London
Early this morning with Doctor Skelton.

King. He's neuer from thence, go let a groom be sent,
And fetch him home, my good Lord Cardinal,
Who are the chiefe of these Embassadors?

Wol. Lord *Bonneues* the French high Admirall,
And *John de Mazo* reuerend Bishop of Bay.

King. Let their welcome be thy care, good *Woolf.*
Wool. It shall my Liege.

Enter Compton.

King. Spare for no costly *Compton*, what newes?

Comp. Embassadors my Liege.

King. Inough, go giue them entertainment, Lords,
Charles Brandon heere, thou giue them countelle
Inough, and state inough, go conduct them.

Bras. I go my Lord.

*Enter Will Summers beoted and spurred,
blowing a borne.*

King. How now *William*, what? post, post, where haue you beene
riding.

Will. Out of my way, old *Harry*, I am all on the spurre, I can tell ye,
I haue tidings worth telling.

King. Why, where hast thou bin?

Will. Married I see early, and ride post to London, to know what
newes was heere at Court.

King. Was that your neereff way *William*?

Will. O I, the verie foote path, but yet I find the horse-way to
heare it, I warrant there is neuer a candle-head keeper in London, but
knowes what is done in all the Courts in Christendome.

Wool. And what is the best newes there *William*?

Will. Good newes for you my Lord Cardinal, for

When you see mee, you know mee.

one of the old Women Watertheaters told mee for certaine, that last Friday all the Bells in Rome rang backward, there was a Thousand Dirgies sung, Sixe hundred Ave-maries said, every man wash his face in Holy-water, the people crossing and blessing themselves to send them a new Pope for the old is gone to Purgatorie.

Will. Ha, ha, ha.

Will. Nay, my Lord you'd laugh, if it were so indeed, for every body thinks if the Pope were dead, you'd gape for a benefice, but this newes my Lord is said too good to be true.

King. But this newes came apace *Will.* that came from Rome to London since Friday last.

Will. For, twas at Billings-gate by Saturday Morning, twas a full Moone, and it came vp in a spring-tide.

King. Then you heere of the Embassadors that are come.

Will. I, I, and that was the Cause of my ryding to know what they came for, I was told it all at a Barberes.

King. Ha, ha, what a foolies this Iane, and what doe they say hee comes for, *Will.*

William. Marry they say, hee comes to craue thy ayde against the great Turke that vowes to ouer-run all France within this fortnight, he's in a terrible rage belike, and they say, the reason is, his old God *Mahomet* that was buried in the top on's Church at *Meca*, his Tombe fell downe, and kild a Sow and seven Piggies, whereupon they thinke all swines flesh is new sanctified, and how it is thought the *Jewes* will fall to eating of Porke extremely fastenit.

King. This is strange indeed, but is this all.

Will. No, there is other newes that was told me among the women at a bake-house, and that is this, they say, the great bell in *Glassenberie*: For has told twise, and that King *Arthur*, and his Knights of the round Table that were buried in Armour, are alieue againe, crying *St. George* for *England*, and meane shortly to conquer *Rome*, marry this is thought to be but a morall.

King. The Embassadors are comming, and heere *William*, see that you be silent, when you see them heere.

William. He be wise and say little I warrant thee, and therefore till I see them come, He'll be talk with the Queene, how dost thou *Iane*? sitra *Harrie* shee lookes very bigge vpon mee, but I care not, and shee bring thee a young Prince, *Will Summers* may hap's bee his

When you see mee, you know mee.

Enter Lords, and Embassadors.

King. Welcome Lord *Bonneser*. Welcome Bishop,
What from our brother brings this Embassage.

Bonneser. Most faire commend, great and renowned Hentie.
Wee in the person of our Lord and King,

Heere of your Highnesse, doe intreat a League

And to reedifie the former Peace

Held berwixt the Realmes of *England* & of *France*,

Of late disordered, for some petty wrongs :

And pray your Maiesty to stay your powers

Already leuied in low Burgandie,

Which to maintaine, our oaths shall be engag'd,

And to confirme it with more suerty,

He craves your faire consent vnto his loue,

And giue the Lady *Maries* for his Queene,

The second sister to your Royall selfe.

So may an Heire springing from both your bloods,

Make both Realmes happie by a lasting League.

King. Wee kindly doe receiue your Maisters loue,

And yet our graunt stands strong vnto his suit,

If that no following censure feeble it:

For we herein must take our Counsels aide:

But howsoeuer our answer shall be swift,

Meane time we grant you faire access to woo,

And winne her (if you can) to be his Queene.

Our selfe will second you, Right welcome both.

Lord Cardinall, these shall be your Guests,

But let our Treasure wait to welcome them:

Banquet them, how they will, what cheere, what sport,

Let them see *Harrie* keepes a Kingly Court.

Woolfie. I shall my Soueraigne.

Ex. Woolfie.

King. With draw a while our selues, wee'll follow ye.

Now *Will*, are you not decerd in this Embassage,

You heard they came for aide against the Turke,

Will. Well then, now I see there is loud lies told in London,

But als one, for their comming's to as much purpose as the other:

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. And why I pray?

Will. Why, dost thou thinke thy sister such a foole, to marry such an old *Dies veneris*, he get her with Prince? I, when either I, or the Cardinall proue *Hope*, and that will never be, I hope.

King. How knowest thou him to be old, thou neuer sawest him.

Will. No, nor hee mee, but I saw his picture with her a tooth in head out, and all his beard as well favored as a white frost, but it is no matter, if he haue her, he will die shortly, and then shiet may helpe to bury him.

Enter Ladies.

1. *Lad.* Runne, Runne, good Madam, call the Ladies in: Call for more Womens helpe, the Queene is sicke.

2. *Lad.* For Gods loue go back againe, and warme more clothes: O let the wine be well burned I charge yee.

Will. I, in any case, or I cannot drinke it, doost thou heare *Harry*, what a coyle they keepe: I warrant, these women will drinke thee v^p more wine with their Gossiping, then was spent in all the Conduits at thy Coronation.

g Enter Lady Mary, and the Countesse of Salisbury.

King. Tis no matter *Will*, How now Ladies.

La: Mary. I beseech your grace commaund the foole forth of the presence.

King. Away *Williams*: you must be gone, her's womens matters in hand.

Will. Let them speake low then, jle not out of the roome, sure,

Count. Come, come let's thrust him out, he'll not sturre else.

Will. Thrust me, nay, and y^e goe to thrusting, jle thrust some of you downe I warrant yee.

King. Nay, goe good William.

Will. Ile out of their company *Harry*, they will scratch worse then Cats, if they catch me, therefore jle hence and leaue, God-boy Ladies, doe you heare Madam Mary, you had need to bee wary, my haue is worth a white-cake, you must play at Tennis, with old Saint *Dennis*, and your Maiden-head must lye at the stake.

When you see me, you know me.

King. Ha, ha, the foole tells you true (my gentle sister)
But to our businesse, how fares my Queene?
How fares my Iane, has she a Sonne for me?
To raise againe our Kingdomes sovereignty.

Lady Mary. That yet rests doubtfull, O my Princely Lord.
Your poore distressed Queene lyes weake and sicke,
And be it Sonne or Daughter deere she buyts it,
Even with her deereft life, for one must dye.
All Womens helpe is past. Then good my Leige,
Resolue it quickly; if the Queene shall liue,
The Child must dye: Or if it life receive,
You must your haplesse Queene of life bereaue.

King. You pierce me with your newes, run send for helpe,
Spend the renewes of my Crowne for aide,
To saue the life of my beloued Queene:
How hap't shee is so ill attended on,
That wee are put to this extremity,
To saue the Mother, or the Child to dye?

Countesse. I beseech your grace resolve immediately.

King. Immediately (saist thou) O is no quicker resolve
Can giue good verdit in so sad a choise:
To loose my Queene, that is my summe of blisse,
More vertuous than a thousand Kingdomes be,
And should I loose my Sonne (if Sonne it be)
That all my Subiects so desire to see,
I loose the hope of this great Monarchy.
What shall I doe?

Lady Mary. Remember the Queene my Lord.

King. I not forget her (Sister) O poore soule,
But I forget thy paine and miserie,
Go let the Child die, let the Mother liue,
Heavens powerfull hand may more Children giue
Away, and comfort her with our reply,
Harry will haue his Queene though thousands die,
I know no issue of her Princely wombe:
Why then should I preferre before her life,
Whose death ends all my hopefull ioyes on earth.
God's will be done, for sure it is his will,

Ex. 22.

When you see me, you know me.

For secret reasons to himselfe best knowne:
Perhaps he did mould forth a Sonne for me,
And seeing (that sees all) in his creation;
To be some impotent and coward spirit,
Vnlike the figure of his Royall Father:
Has thus decreed, leaſt he ſhould blurre our fame,
As whylome did the ſixt King of my name
Looſe all, his Father (the firſt Henric) wonne,
He thanke the Heauens for taking ſuch a Sonne.
Whoſe within there?

Enter Compton.

My Lord. : *The Child muſt dye.*

King. Goe *Compton*, bid *Lord Scimer* come to me,
The honor'd Father of my woſull Queene.
Now, now, what newes?

La. Mary. We did deliuer what your Highneſſe wil'd,
Which was no ſooner by her grace receiuid:
But with the ſad report, ſhe ſeem'd as dead,
Which cauſ'd vs ſtay, after recouerie,
He ſent vs backe to intreat your Maieſtie,
As euery you did take delight in her,
As you preferre the quiet of her ſoules,
That now is ready to forſake this life,
As you deſire to haue the life of one,
He doth intreat your Grace that ſhe may die,
leaſt both doe periſh in this agonie,
Or to behold the infant ſuffer death.
Were endleſſe tortures, made to ſtop her breath.

Then to my Lord (quoth ſhe) thus gently ſay,
The Child is faire, the Mother earth and clay.

King. Sad meſſenger of woe; oh my poore Queene,
Anſt thou ſo ſoone conſent to leaue this life,
So precious to our ſoules, ſo deere to all,
To yeeld the hopefull iſſue of thy loynes,
To riſe our ſecond comfort, well be it ſo:
ſtay, I reuoke my word,
It that you ſay helps not, for ſhe muſt dye:
Yet if ye can ſaue both, I giue my Crowne
ay, all I haue, and enter bonds for more,

Which

When you see me, you know me.

Which with my conquering sword with fury bent,
Ile purchase in the farthest Continent.
Use all your chiefeft skill, make hast away,
Whill we for your successe devoutly pray.

Enter Lord Seymer.

Seym. All ioy and happinesse betide my Sovereigne.

King. Ioy, be it good Lord *Seymer* Noble Father.
Or joy, or grieve, thou hast a part in it,
Thou comst to greet vs in a doubtfull houre,
Thy daughter and my Queene lies now in paine,
And if I loofe, *Seymer* thou canst not gaine.

Sey. Yet comfort good my Leige, this womans woe
Why? tis as certaine to her as her death,
Both giuen her in her first creation:
It is a lower to sweete, giuen them at first
By their first Mother, then put sorrow hence:
Your Grace ere long shall see a gallant Prince.

King. Be thou a Prophet *Seymer* in thy wordes,
Thy loue some comfort to our hopes affords,
How now?

Enter two Ladies.

Count. My gracious Lord, heere I present to you,
A goodly Sonne: see heere your flesh, your bone,
Looke heere Royall Lord, I warrant tis your owne.

Sey. See here my Liege, by the rood a gallant Prince.
Ha little cakebred, foregod a chopping boy.

King. Even now I wept with sorrow, now with joy,
take that for thy good newes, how fares my Queene.

g Enter Mary, and one Lady.

Count. O my good Lord, the wofull.

King. Tell no more of woe, speake, doth she liue?
What? weepe ye all, nay, then my heart misgiues,
Resolue me sister, is the news worth hearing?

When you see me, you know me.

Lady Mary. Not worth the telling, Royall Sovereigne.

King. Now, by my Crowne, thou dimst my Royaltie,
And with thy cloudie lookes, eclipsst my ioyes,
Thy silent eye bewrayes a ruthfull sound;
Scot in the Organs of my troubled spirit:
Say, is she dead.

La. Mary. Without offence she is.

King. Without offence, saist thou, heaven take my soule,
What can be more offensive to my life:
Then sad remembrance of my faire Quences death,
Thou woefull man, that canst not comfort me,
How shall I ease thy hearts calamitie,
That cannot helpe my selfe? how one sad minute,
Hath raisd a fount of sorrowes in his eyes,
And beard his aged cheeke, yet sooner see,
She hath left part of her selfe, a sonnet to mee,
To thee a ground-child, vnto the Land a Prince,
The perfect substance of his royall Mother,
In whom her memorie shall ever live,
Phenix lana obit, nato Phénice;
Dolendum secula phenices nullatuliſſimum.
One Phenix dying, giues another life,
Thus must we flatter our extreamest griefe:
What day is this?

Comp. Saint *Edward* euen my Lord.

King. Prepare for Christning, *Edward* shall be his Name.

Enter the Cardinall, Embassadors,

Bonner, and Gardiner.

Wool. My Lords of *France*, you haue had small cheere with vs,
But you must pardon vs, the times are sad,
And sorts not now for mirth and banquetting,
Therefore I pray make your swift returne,
Commend me to your King, and kindly tell him,
The English Cardinall will remaine his friend,
The Lady *Mary* shall be forthwith sent,
And overtake yee ere you reach to *Dover*:

When you see mee, you know mee.

And for the businesse that concernes the League,
Urge it no more, but leaue it to my care.

Bonner. We thanke your grace, my good Lord Cardinall,
And so with thankfulness we take our leaues.

Wool. Happilie speed my honorable Lords,
My heart, I sweare, still keepes you company,
Farewell to both, pray your King remember
My sute betwixt him and the Emperour,
Wee shall be thankfull, if they thinke on vs.

Par. We will be earnest in your cause my Lord,
So of your Grace we once more take our leaues.

Wool. Againe farewell, *Bonner* conduct them forth,
Now *Gardiner*, what thinkst thou of these times?

Gard. Well, that the league's confirmed, my gracious Lord:
Ill, that I feare the death of good Queene *Jane*,
Will cause new trouble in our state againe.

Wool. Why thinkst thou so?

Gard. I feare false *Luthers* doctrin's spread so farre,
Least that his Highnesse now vnmarried,
Should match amongst that sect of *Lutherans*,
You saw how soone his Maiestie was wonne
To scorne the Pope, and Romes Religion,
When Queene *Anne Bullen* wore the Diademe.

Wool. *Gardiner* tis true, so was the rumor spread:
But *Woolese* wrought such meanes she lost her head.
Tush feare not thou whilst *Harries* life doth stand,
Hee shall be King, but we will rule the land.

Bonner come hither, you are our trusty friend,
See that the treasure we haue gathered,
The Copes, the Vestments, and the Challices,
The smoake pence, and the tributarie fees,
That English chimnies pay the Church of Rome,

Be barreld close within the inner seller,
We send it ouer shortly, to prepare,
Our swift aduancement to Saint *Peters* chaire:
Be trustie, and be sure of honors speedily,

The King hath promised at the next election,
Bonner shall haue the Bishopricke of *London*.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bon. I humbly thanke your Grace.

Wool. And *Gardiner* shall be Lord of *Winchester*.

Had we our hopes, what shal you not be then,

When we haue got the Papall Diadem?

Exeunt.

g Enter Brandon, Dudley, Gray, Seymer, Compton.

Brand. How now Sir *William Compton*, where is the King?

Comp. His Grace is walking in the Gallery,
As sad and passionate as ere he was.

Dud. T were good you Grace went in to comfort him.

Brand. Not I Lord *Dudley*, by my George I sweare,
Vnlesse his Highnesse first had sent for me,
I will not put my head in such a hazzard,
I know his anger, and his spleene too well.

Gray. Tis strange, this humor bath his Highnesse held,
Ever sincethe death of good *Queene Iane*,
That none dares venture to conferre with him.

g Enter Cardinall, Sommers, and Patch.

Dud. Heere comes the Cardinall.

Brand. I, and Two fooles after him, his Lordship is well attended
still.

Seym. Lets win this Prelate to salute the King,
It may perhaps worke his disgrace with him.

Wool. How now *William*, what are you here to.

Will. I my Lord, all the fooles follow you, I come to bid my cosin
Patch welcome to the Court, and when I come to *Yorke-house*, hele
do as much for me, will ye not *Patch*?

Patch. Yes cosin, hey, da, tere, dedell, dey, day.

sing.

Wool. What, are you singing sirra.

Will. Ile make him cry as fast anon I hold a penny.

Dud. God morrow to your Grace my good Lord Cardinall.

Wool. Wee thanke your honour.

Enter. King within.

Call within.

King. What *Compton*, *Carew*,

Bran. Harke, the King calls.

King. Mother of God, how are wee attended on? who waits
without?

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bran. Go in sir *William*, and if you find his Grace
In any milder temper then he was last night,
Let vs haue word, and we will visit him.

Comp. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Wool. What is the occasion, the King's so mood?

Bran. His Grace hath taken such an inward griefe,
With sad remembrance of the Queene thats dead,
That much his Highnesse wrongs his state and person:
Besides in *Ireland* do the *Burkes* rebell,
And stout *Pearse* that disclo'd the plot,
Was by the Earle of *Kildare* late put to death,
And *Martin Luther* out of *Germanie*,
Has writ a booke against his Maiestie,
For taking part with proud Pope *Innus*,
Which being spread by him through *Christendome*,
Hath thus incens'd his Royall Maiestie.

Wool. Tush, I haue newes my Lord, to salve that sore,
And make the King more fear'd through *Christendome*,
Then euer was his famous Ancestors:
Nor can base *Luther* with his Heresies,
Backt by the proudest germane Potentate,
Heretically blurre King *Henries* fame:
For honour that hedid Pope *Innus*,
Who in high fauour of his Majestie,
Hath sent *Campenus* with a Bull from *Rome*,
To add vnto his Title this high stile:
That he and his faire posteritie,
Proclaim'd defenders of the Faith shall be:
For which intent the holy Cardinals come,
As Legats from the Emperiall Court of *Rome*.

Gray. This newes my Lord, may something ease his mind,
T'were good your Grace would goe and visit him.

Wool. I will, and doubt not but to please him well.

Seym. So, I am glad he is in, and the King be no better pleas'd then
he was at our last parting, hele make him repent his saucines.

Bran. How now old *William*, how chance you goe not to the King
and comfort him.

Will. Na birladie, my Lord, I was with him too lately already,

When you see mee, you know mee.

his fist is too heauie for a foole to stand vnder, I went to him last night, after you had left him, seeing him chafe so at Charles heere to make him merrie: and he gaue mee such a boxe on the eare, that stroke me cleane through Three Chambers, downe foure paire of staires, fell ouer fise Barrells in the bottome of the seler, and if I had not well lickard my selfe there, I had neuer liued after it.

Brand. Faith *Will*, ile giue thee a velvet coate, and thou canst but make him merrie.

Will. Will yee my Lord, and ile venter another boxe on the eare but ile do it.

Enter Compton.

Comp. Cleare the presence there, the King is comming,
Gods me, my Lords, what meant the Cardinall,
So vnexpected thus to trouble him.

Gray. Is the King mou'd at it?

Enter the King and Woolfe.

Comp. Iudge by his countenance, see he comes.

Brand. Ile not indure the storme.

Dud. Nor I.

Will. Runne foole, your Maister will be feld offe.

King. Did We not charge that none should trouble vs,

Presumptuous Priest, proud Prelate as thou art,

How comes it your are growne so swieke sir?

Thus to presume vpon our patience,

And crosse our Royall thought disturbed and vext,

By all your negligence in our estate,

Of vs and of our Countries happines?

Wool. My gracious Lord.

King. Fawning beast stand backe,

Or by my Crowne, ile foote thee to the earth,

Wheres *Branden, Surrey, Seymour, Gray,*

Where is your counsell now, O now yet trooth,

And stand like pictures at our presence doore,

Call in our Guard, and beare them to the Tower,

Mother of God ile haue the Traitors heads,

Goe in let them to the blocke, vp, vp, stand vp.

When you see me, you know me.

He make you know your duties to our state,
Am I a cypher, is my sight growne stale,
Am I not *Harrie*, am I not Englands King, Ha.
William. So la, now the watch-words giuen, nay and be once try
ha, neare a man in the Court dare for his head (speake againe, lye close
cousin *Patch*.

Patch. He not come neere him cousin, has almost kild me with his
countenance.

King. Wee haue been too familiar now I see,
And you may dally with our Maiestic:
Where are my pages there?

Enter Pages.

Page. My Lord.

King. Trusse sirra, none to put my garter on,
Giue me some wine, heer's stufte a'th tother side.
Proud Cardinal, who follow'd our affaires in Italy.
That wee that honor'd so Pope *Adrian*,
By dedicating bookes at thy request,
Against that vpstart sect of Lutherans,
Should by that Hereticke be banded thus?
But by my *George*, I sweare, if *Henrie* liue,
He hunt *Luther* through all *Germany*,
And pull those Seven Electors on their knees,
If they but backe him against our Dignities.
Base slave tie soft, thou hurst my legge,
And now in *Ireland* the *Burkes* rebell,
And with his stubborn kernes makes hourly rodes
To burne the borders of the English Pale,
And which of all your counsels helpe vs now?

Enter Compton with Wine.

Comp. Here's wine, my Lords.

King. Drinke, and be dambd, I cry thee mercy *Compton*,
What the Diuell mentst thou to come behind me so,
I did mistake, ile make thee amends for it,
By holy *Paul*, I am so crost and vext,
I knew not what I did, and here at home,
Such carefull Statesmen do attend vs,

When you see mee, you know mee.

And lookes so wisely to our Common weale,
That we haue ill May-dayes, and riots made,
For lawlesse rebels do disturbe our state,
Twelue times this tearme, haue we in person sate,
Both in the starre chamber, and Chauncerie Courts,
To heare our Subiects lutes determined:
Yee tis your office *Woolfe*, but all of you
May make a Packhorse of King *Henry* now:
Well, what would ye say?

Wool. Nothing that might displease your Maiestie,
I haue a message from the Pope to you.

King. Then keepe it still, wee will not heare it yet,
Get all of you away, auoid our presence,
We cannot yet command our patience,
Reach me a chaire.

Bran. Now *Will*, or never, make the king but smile,
And with thy mirthfull toyes allay his spleene,
That we his Counsell, may conferre with him,
And by my Honor, jle reward thee well,
Too him good *Will*.

Will. Not to fast, I pray, leaſt *Will. Som.* nere be ſcene againe, I know
his qualities as well as the beſt on ye: for ever when he's angry, and
no body dare ſpake to him, yee thruſt mee in by the head and ſhoul-
ders, and then we fall to buſſits, but I know who haſt the worſt on't:
but go, my Lord, ſtand aſide, and ſtirre not till I call yee, let my co-
ſin *Patch* and I alone, and hee goe a boxing, wele fall both vpon him,
thats certaine: but and the worſt come, bee ſure that the Cardinals
foole ſhall pay for't.

Bran. Uſe your beſt ſkill, good *William*, jle not be ſcene, vnleſſe
I ſee him ſmile.

Will. Where art thou coſin, alas poore foole, he's crept vnder the
table, vp coſin, feare nothing, the ſtormes paſt, I warrant thee.

Patch. Is the King gon, coſin.

Will. No, no, yonder he ſits, wee are all friends now, the Lords are
gone to dinner, and thou and I muſt waite at the Kings Table.

Patch. Not foirlady, I would not waite vpon ſuch a Lord, for all
the liuings in the Land, I thought he would haue kild my Lord Car-
dinall, he lookt ſo terribly.

Will.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Will. Foe, he did but jest with him, but jle tell the cosin the rarest tricke to be reveng'd aſt paſſes, and jle giue thee this fine ſilke point, and thou'lt do it.

Patch. O braue, ô braue, giue me it cosin, and jle doe what ſo ere tis.

Will. Ile ſtand behind the poſt heere, and thou ſhalt goe ſoftly ſtealing behind him, as he ſits reading yonder, and when thou comſt cloſe to him, cry boh, and wele ſcare him ſo, he ſhall not tell where to reſt him.

Patch. But will he not be angry?

Will. No, no, for then jle ſhew my ſelfe, and after he ſees who tis, hele laſſe and be as merry as a mag-pie, and thou'ſt bee a made man by it, for all the houſe ſhall ſee him hugge thee in his armes, and dandle thee vp and downe with hand and foot an thou wert a footeball.

Patch. O fine, come coſen, giue me the point firſt, and jle rore ſo loud that jle make him beleue that the diuels come.

Will. So doe and feare nothing, for an thou wert the Diuell himſelfe, hele coniure thee I warrant thee, I would not haue ſuch a Coniuring for Twenty Crownes: but when hee has made way, jle make him merry enough, I doubt it not, ſo ſo, now coſen looke to your Coxecombe.

Patch. Boe.

King. Mother a God whats that?

Patch. Boe.

King. Out aſſe, and tumble at my feete, For thus jle ſpurne the vp and downe the houſe.

Patch. Helpe coſen, helpe.

Will. No coſin, now he's conjuring, I dare not come neere him.

King. Who ſet this nat' rall heere to trouble me? *Enter Comp.*

Whoſe that which ſtands now laſſing there, the foole, ha, ha, Wheres *Compton.* Mother a God I haue found his drift, tis the craftieſt old villaine in Chriſtendome, marke good Sir *William*, becauſe the foole durſt not come neere himſelfe, ſeeing our anger, ſent this ſilly Aſſe, that wee might wreake our Royall ſpleene on him: whileſt he ſtands laſſing to behold the jeſt, biſh bleſſed Lady, (*Compton*) jle not leaue the foole, to gaine a Million, he contents me ſo, come hither *Will.*

Will. Ile know whether yee haue done knocking firſt, my coſen *Patch* lookes pitifully, ye had beſt be friends with vs I can tell you: wele

When you see me, you know me.

Weele scare you out of your skin else.

King. Alas, poore *Patch*, hold sirra, ther's an Angell to buy you points.

Will. Law cosin, did not I say hel'e make much on ye.

Patch. I cosin, but has made such a singing in my head I cannot see where I am.

Will. All the better cosin, and your head sal a singing, your feet may fall a dancing, and so saue charges to the Piper.

King. *Will.* *Sommers*, prethe tell mee why didst thou send him first?

Will. Because Ile haue him haue the first frutes of thy furie. I know how the matter stood with the next that disturb'd thee, therefore I kept it reward, that if the battaile grew too hot, I might run presently.

King. But wherefore came ye?

Will. To make thee leaue thy melancholly, and turne merry man againe: thou hast made all the Court in such a pittifull case as pallas, the Lords has attended here this foure dayes, and none dares speake to thee, but thou art ready to choppe of their heads for't: and now I seeing what a fretting furie thou continuest in, and every one said 'twould kil thee if thou keptst it, puld eene vp my heart, and vould to loofemy head, but jde make thee leaue it.

King. Well *William*, I am beholding to ye, Ye shall haue a new Coate and a cap for this.

Will. Nay then, I shall haue two new coats and caps, for *Charles Brandon* promised me one before, to performe this enterprise.

King. He shall keepe his word *Will*, goe call him in, Call in the Lords, tell them our spleene is calm'd: Mother a God, we must giue way to wrath, That chafes our Royall blood with anger thus: And vse some mirth I see to comfort vs. Draw neere vs Lords, *Charles Brandon* list to me:

Will. *Sommers* here must haue a coate of you, But *Patch* has earned it dearest, where's the fooler?

Will. Hee's eene creeping as neere the doore as he can, Heele faine begone I see, and he could get out, Wouldst thou not cosin?

Patch. Yes cosin *Will*, I'de faine be walking, I am afraid I am not as I should be.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Will. Come Ile helpe thee out then, dost thou heare my Lord Cardinall, your foole is in a pittifull taking, he smelleth terribly.

Wool. You are too craftie for him *William.*

King. So is he *Woolsey* credit me.

Will. I thinke so my Lord, as long as *Will* liues, the Cardinals foole must giue way to the Kings foole.

King. Well sir be quiet, and my reuerend Lords, I thanke you for your patient suffering,

Wee were disturbed in our thoughts we sweare,

We now jntreat you speake, and we will heare,

Wool. Then may it please your sacred Majesty.

Campens Legate to his Holinesse,

Attends, with Letters from the Court of Rome.

King. Let him draw neere wele giue him audience.

Dudley and *Gray*, Attend the Cardinall,

And bring *Campens* to our presence here

Dud. Gray. We go my Lord.

Enter Lords, and Legats.

King. *Brandon* & *Seymer*, place your selues by vs,

To heare this Message from his Holinesse,

You Reuerent Princes, Pillars of the Church:

Legats Apostolike, how fares the Pope?

Campens. In health great King, and from his sacred lips,

I bring a blessing Apostolicall

To English *Henry* and his Subjects all:

And more to manifest his loue to thee,

The prop and pillar of the Churches peace:

And gratifie thy loue made plaine to him,

In learned bookes gainst *Luther* Heresie,

He Sends me thus to greet thy Matellicie

With stile and titles of high Dignitie,

Command the Heralds and the Trumpets forth

Seym. Gentlemen dispatch and call them in:

Will. Lord bless vs what here to doe now?

Camp. Receiue this Bull sent from his holinesse,

For confirmation of his dignitie

When you see mee, you know mee.

To thee, and to thy faire posteritie.

Will. Tis well the King is a widdower, and yee had put forth your Bull with his hornes forward, I de haue mard your message, I can tell yce.

King. Peace *Will.* Heralds attend him.

Camp. Trumpets prepare whilst we aloud pronounee
This sacred mellage from his Holinesse,
And in his reverent name I heere proclaime
Hem is the Eight by the Grace of God,
King of England, France, and Ireland;
And to this title, from the Pope we give,
Defender of the Faith in Peace to liue.

Wool. Sound Trumpets, and God saue the King.

King. We thanke his Holinesse for this Princely fauour,
Receiuing it with thanks and reverence:

In which whilst we haue life, his Grace shall see,

Our sword defender of the Faith shall bee.

Goe one of you salute the Maior of London,

Bid him with Heralds and with Trumpets sound,

Proclaime our Titles through his government,

Goe Gray, see it done, attend him fellowes:

Gray. I goe my Lord, Trumpets follow me.

Exit.

King. What more Lord Legate doth his Holinesse will,

Camp. That *Henrie* joyning with the Christian Kings,

Of France and Spaine, Denmarke, and Portugale,

Would send an Armie to assaile the Turke,

That now invades with warre the Isle of Rhodes,

Or send Twelue Thousand Pounds to be disposd,

As his Holinesse thinks best for their reliefe.

Will. I thought so, I knew 'twould bee a money matter, when all's done, now th'art defender of the Faith, the Pope will haue thee defend every thing: himselfe and all.

King. Take hence the foole.

Will. I, when can yee tell? dost thou thinke any oth Lords will take the foole, none here, I warrant except the Cardinals.

King. What a knauish fooles this, Lords you must beare with him, come hither *Will.* what saist thou to this new title giuen v by the

When you see mee, you know mee.

the Pope, speake, is it not rare?

Will. I know not how rare it is, but I know how deare it will be, for I perceiue it will cost thee Twelve Thouland Pounds, at least, besides the Cardinalls cost in comming.

King. All thats nothing, the title of Defender of the Faith is worth ye twise as much, say, is it not.

Will. No by my troth, dost heare old *Harrie*? I am sure the true faith is able to defend it selfe without thee, and as for the Popes faith (good faith's) not worth a Farthing, and therefore giue him not a penny.

King. Goe too sirra, meddle not you with the Popes matters.

Will. Let him not meddle with thy matters then, for, and he meddle with thee, Ile meddle with him thats certaine, and so farewell, Ile goe and meete my little young Master Prince *Edward*, they say hee comes to Court to night, Ile to horsebacke, prethe *Harry* send one to hold my sturrup: shall I tell the Prince what the Pope has done?

King. I and thou wilt *Will*, he shall be Defender of the faith too one day.

Will. No, and he and I can defend our selues, we care not, for we are sure the faith can.

Exit.

King. Lord Legate, so we reverence Rome and you,
As nothing you demaund, shall be denied;
The Turke will we expell from Christendome,
Sending stout souldiers to his Holinesse,
And money to relieue distressed *Rhoades*:
So if you please, passe in to banquetting.
Goe Lords attend them, *Brandon* and *Compton* stay,
Wee haue some businesse to conferre vpon.

Comp. We take our leaue.

Exit.

King. Most hearty welcome to my reverent Lords.
So, now to our businesse, *Brandon* say,
Heare ye no tidings from our Sister *Marie*,
Since her arriual in the Realme of *France*?

Bran. Thus much we heard my Lord, at *Calice* met her
The youthfull *Dolphin*, and the Peeres of *France*:
And brauely brought her to the King at *Towers*,
Where he both married her, and crown'd her Queene.

King. Tis well, but *Brandon* and *Compton* list to me,

When you see mee, you know mee.

I must employ your aide and secrecie,
This night we meane in some disguised shape,
To visit *London*, and to walke the round,
Passe through their watches, and obserue the care,
And speeiall diligence to keepe our peace.
They say night-walkers hourly passe the streets,
Committing theft, and hated sacriledge:
And lightly passe vnstaied, or vnpunished,
Goe *Compton*, goe, and get me some disguise,
This night wele see our Citties Government.
Brandon doe you attend at *Baynards-Castle*,
Compton shall goe disguise along with me,
Our swords and bucklers shall conduct vs safe,
But if we catch a knock to quit our paine,
Weele put vs up, and hye vs home againe.

Exit.

*Enter the Constable and Watch: Prichall the
Cobler beeing one bearing a
Lant-horne.*

Constable. Come Neighbours, we haue a straight command,
Our watches be seuerely lookt into:
Much theft and murder was committed late,
There are two strangers, Marchants of the *Stillyard*
Cruelly slaine, found floating on the *Thames*,
And greatly are the *Seewes* had in suspect,
As places fitting for no better use,
Therefore be carefull, and examine all,
Perhaps we may atatch the murderer.

1. Watch. Nay I assure yee Maister Constable, those *Srew-houses*
are places of much slaughter and redemption, and many cruell deeds
of equitie and wickednesse are committed there, for diuers good men
loose both their money and their computation by them, I assure yee,
how say you neighbour *Prichall*?

Cob. Neighbour *Capease*, I know you're a man of courage, and
for the merrie Coblers of *Linne-streets*, though I sit as low as *Saint
Faiths*, I can looke as high as *Saint Pauls*: I haue in my dayes walke

When you see me, you know me.

to the stoves as well as my Neighbours, but if the mad wenches fall to murdering once, and cast men into the *Thames*, I have done with them, there's no dealing, if they carry fire in one hand, and water i'th other.

Constable. Well Maisters wee are now plac'd about the Kings
(businelle,

And I know all ye are sufficient in the knowl'dg of it.

I need not to repeat your charge againe:

Good neighbours, v'se your greatest care I pray,

And if unruly persons trouble yee,

Call and jle come: so sirs goodnight.

Exit Constable.

1. *Watch.* Godye goodnight and Twenty sirs, I warrant yee, yee need not reconcile to our charge, for some on vs has discharged the place this Forty yeare I am sure. Neighbours what thinke you best to bee done?

Cob. Euery man according to his calling neighbour, if the enimie come, here lies my towne of Garrison, I set on him as I set on a patch, if he tread on this side, I vnderlay him on this side, or pricke him thorow both sides, I yerke him, and tricke him, pare him and peece him, then hang him vp both heeles till Sunday.

1 *Watch.* How say yee, by my faith Neighbour *Priebeall* ye speake to the purpose, for indeed neighbors, euery senceles watch-man is to seeke the best reformation to his owne destruction.

2 *Watch.* But what thinke yee neighbours, if euery man take a nap now i'th fore hand e'rh night, and goe to bed afterward.

Cob. That were not amiss neither, but and you'll take but euery man his pot first, you'll sleepe like the man i'th *Mooney* faith.

2 Doe ye thinke neighbour, there is a man i'th *Moone*?

1 *Wat.* I assure yee in a cleare day, I haue scent at midnight.

2 *Wat.* Of what occupation is he trow?

Cob. Some thinke he's a shepheard, because one dog, some saies he's a Baker going to heate his Oven with a baven atts backe, but the plaine truth is, I thinke he was a Cobler, for yee know what the song saies, I see a man i'th *Moone*, he man, he, I see a man i'th *Moone*, clowting *S. Peters* Shooe, & so by this reason, he should be a Cobler.

Watch. By my sekings he saith true, alas, alas, good man *Dermouise*,

When you see mee, you know mee.

hath even giuen vp the Ghost already, tis an honest quiet soule I warrant yee.

Cob. It behoues vs all to be so, how do ye neighbour *Dormouse*?

Dor. Godspeed yee, godspeed yee, nay and yee got a Gods-name, I haue nothing to say to yee.

2 *Lawe* yee, his minds on's businesse, though he be nere so sleepeie.

Cob. Come lets all joyne with him and steale a nap, euery man my maisters to his seuerall stall.

2 Agreed, Godnight good neighbours.

Cob. Nay, lets take no leaue, jle but winke a while, and see you againe.

J. Enter King, and Compton, with bills on his backe.

King. Come fir *William*,

We may now stand vpon our Guard you see,

The watch has giuen vs leaue to Arme our selues,

They feare no daunger, for they sleepe secure:

Goe carrie those bills we tooke to *Baynards Castle*,

And bid *Charles Brandon* to disguise himselfe,

And meet me presently at *Grace Church* corner,

We will attempt to passe through all the watches,

And so I tak't will be an easie taske,

Therefore make hast.

Comp. I will my Liege.

King. The watch-word if I chance to send to ye,
Is the great Stagge of *Baydon*, so my name shall be.

Comp. Inough, we cle thinke on it. *Exit.*

King. So, now we cle forward, soft yonders light,
I and a watch, and all asleepe burlady:

These are good peaceable Subiects, her's none

Beckens to any, all may passe in Peace: Ho firrha.

Cob. Stand, who goes there?

King. A good fellow. Stands a hainous word ethe Kings high-way,
you haue beene at Noddie, I see.

Cob. I, and the first card comes to my hand's a knaue.

King. I am a Courtcard indeed.

Cob. Then thou must needes be a knaue, for thou art neither King
nor Queene, (I am sure) But whether goest thou?

King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King About a little businesse that I haue in hand.

Cob. Then good night, prethee trouble me no longer.

King. Why this is easie enough, her's pailage at pleasure,
What wretch so wicked, would not giue faire words

After the foulest fact of Villanie,

That may escape vnseene so easily?

Or what should let him that is so resolu'd

To murder, rapine, theft, or sacriledge?

I see the Citty are the sleepe heads,

To do it, and passe thus examined.

Fond needlesse men, what bootes it for a King,

To toyle himselfe in his high state affaires,

To summon Parliaments, and call together

The wisest heads of all his Prouinces:

Making statutes for his Subjects peace,

That thus neglecting them, their woes increase.

Well wee le further on, soft heere comes one,

He stay and see, how he escapes the watch.

Enter Blacke Will.

Blacke Will. So, now I am got within the Cittie, I am as safe as in a Sanctuarie: It is a hard world, when *Blacke Will.* for a venture of five pound, must commit such pettie robberies at *Mile-end*, but the plaine truth is, the Stewes from whence I had my Quarteridge is now growne too hote for mee: ther's some suspicion of a murther lately done vpon Two Marchants of the *Stilliard*, which indeed as farre as some five or sixe stabbes comes too, I confesse I had a hand in. But mumbudget, all the Dogs in the towne must not barke at it. I must withdraw a while till the heate be ore, remooue my lodging, and liue vpon darke nights and misty Mornings. Now let me then see, the strongest watch in London intercept my passage.

King. Such a fellow would I faine meet withall:
Well overtaken sir.

Blacke Will. Sblood come before me sir,
What a Diuel art thou?

King. A man at least.

Black. And art thou valiant.

King.

When you see me, you know me.

King. I carry a Sword and Buckler yee see.

Black. A sword and a buckler, and know not me,
Not *Blacks Will*?

King. Not trust mee.

Blacke Will. Slaue, then thou art neither Traueller, nor Purse-taker: for I tell thee, *Blacke Will* is knowne and feared through the Seauenteene Prouinces: ther's not a sword & buckler man in *England* nor *Europe*, but has had a tast of my man-hood. I am tole-free in all Cit-ties and the Suburbs about them: this is my Sconce, my Castle, my Cittadell, and but *King Harry*, God blese his Maiestie, I feare not the proudest.

King. O yes, some of his Guard.

Blacke Will: Let his guard eat beefe and be thankfull, giue mee a man will couer himselfe with his buckler, and not booge and the Diuell come.

King. Me thinks thou wert better liue at Court as I doe,
King Harry, loues a man, I can tell yee.

Blacke Will. Would thou and all the men hee keeps were hang'd, and ye loue not him then: but I will not change my reuenues for all his guards wages.

King. Hast thou such store of liuing?

Blacke Will. Art thou a good fellow?

May I speake freely, and wilt not tell the King on't?

King. Keepe thine owne counsell, and feare not,
For of my faith the King shall know no more for mee then thou telst him.

Will. And I tell him any thing let him hang me: but for thy selfe, I thinke if a fat purse come i'th way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Therefore leaue the Court and shake with mee, I tell thee, I am chiefe Commaunder of all the Seewes, ther's not a whore shifts a smocke, but by my priuledge, nor opens her shop before I haue my weekly tribute: And to assure thee my valour carries credit with it, doe but walke with me through the streets of *L O N D O N*, and let mee see the proudest watch disturbe vs.

King. I shall be glad of your conduct sir.

Black. Follow me then, and I'll tell thee more.

1. **Wat.** Stand, who goes there?

Black. A good fellow: come close regard them not.

2 *Watch.*

When you see mee, you know mee.

2 Watch. How shall we know thee to be a good fellow?

Blacks Will. My names *Blacks Will.*

1 Oh, God giue yee good night, good Master *Blacks Will.*

2 God boy sir, God boy,

I am glad we are so well rid on him.

Will. Law sir, you see heres egressse enough, (againc.
Now follow mee, and you shall see wee cle haue regresse backe

1 Watch. Hoe comes there?

Cob. Come afore the Constable.

Will. What haue ye forgot me so soone? tis I.

2 Watch. O, tis Maister *Blacks William.*

God blesse ye sir, God blesse ye.

Black. How likst thou now?

King. Faith excellent: but prethe tell mee, doest thou face
the world with thy man-hood, that thus they feare thee, or art
thou truly valiant?

Black Will. Sfoote, dost thou doubt of my man-hood,
Nay then defend your selfe, jle giue you a triall presently, be-
take yee to your tooles sir, jle teach yee to stand vpon Inter-
gatories.

King. I am for yee, ther's neere a man the Kings keepes shall
refuse yee: but tell mee, wilt thou keepe the Kings Acte for
fighting.

Black. As yee please sir, yet because th'art his man, jle obserue
it, and neither thrust nor strike beneath the knee.

King. I am pleas'd sir, haue at you sir. *They fight.*

1 Watch. Helpe Neighbours, O take yee to your browne
Billes, call vp the Constable, heeres a peece of chance-meddle
ready to be committed: set on good-man *Sprichball.*

Cob. Ile ferke them a both sides, lye close neighbour *Dor-
mouse,* keepe the Kings peace, I charge ye, helpe M. Constable.

Enter the Constable.

Con. Keepe the peace, or strike them downe.

Black. Sownes, I am hurt, hold I say.

2 Watch. Let them not passe neighbours, heres blood-shed
drawne vpon one of the Kings Officers.

Con. Take away their weapons, and since you are so hot, jle

When you see mee, you know mee.

set you where you shall be coole enough.

Black Will. Sownes the Moones a wayning harlot, with the glimpse of her light I lost his point, and mistooke my ward, had neere brocht my blood else.

Con. Pray sir what are you?

King. I am the Kings man sir, and of his Guard.

Con. More shame you should so much forget your selfe, For as I take, tis parcell of your oath, As well to keepe his peace, as guard his person, And if a Constable be not present by, You may as well as his place supply: And seeing yee so neglect your oath and dutie, Goe bare them to the Counter presently, There shall yee answer for these misdemeanors.

Will. Has broake my head sir, and furthermore it bleeds.

Con. Away with them both, they shall pay thee well ere they come forth I warrant thee.

Will. I beseech ye sir.

King. Neuer intreat man, wee shall have baile I doubt it not But Maister Constable, I hope youle doe me this fauour, to let one of your watch-men goe of an errand for me, if I pay him?

Con. With all my heart sir, heres one shall goe.

King. Hold thee good fellow, heres an Angell for thee, goe thy way to *Baynards Castle*, and as for one *Brandon*, hee serueth the Duke of *Suffolke*, and tell him his bedfellow, or the great stagge of *Baydon*, this night is claptish Counter, and bid him come speake with me. Come Constable lets goe, sir ha make hast.

Exit.

Col. I warrant you sir, and this bee all, I de haue done it for halfe the money: well, I must enquire for one *Brandon*, and tell him the great stagge of *Baydon* is ith Counter, burlady I doubt they be both craftie knaues, and this is some watch-word betweene them: both masse I doubt hee here came well by his money, hee so liberall, well fle forward.

Enter.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Enter Brandon, and Compton.

Bran. Sir William, are you sure it was at *Grace Church* His Maieftie appointed we should meet him? We haue been there and mist him, what thinke ye sir?

Com. Good faith I know not. His Highnesse is too venterous hold, my Lord: I know he will forsake himselfe in this, Opposing still against a world of oddes.

Bran. Good faith tis true: but soft here comes one, How now good fellow, whether goest thou?

Cob. It lyes in my authority sir, To aske you that question. For I am one of the Kings watch, I can tell ye.

Com. Then perhaps thou canst tell me some tidings? Didst thou not see a good lustie tall big set man, passe through your watch to night?

Cob. Yes sir, there was such a man came to our watch to night, but none that past through, for he behaued himselfe so, that he was laid hold on quickly, and now he is forth comming in the Counter.

Bran. And whither art thou going?

Cob. Faith sir, has giuen me an Angell, to doe an errand for him at *Baynards Castle*, to coue *Brandon* that serues the Duke of *Suffolke*: he sayes he is his Bed-fellow, and I must tell him, the great stragge of *Baydon* is ith Counters.

Bran. If thine errand be to *Brandon*, I can saue thee a labour for I am the man thou look'st for, we haue beene seeking him almost all this night: hold thee ther's an Angell for thy newes, I'll baile him I warrant thee.

Cob. I thanke you sir, but hees no so for one baile, as you thinke for, ther's two of the Kings watch has their heads broke, and that must bee answered for, but all woe to mee, let them shuffell as they will, the Angells has shoue about to night and two guls are light into my hands, and these I'll keepe; let him get out as he can.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Enter the King in prison.

King. Hoe, Porter, whose without there?

Porter. Whats the matter now? will yee not goe to bed to night?

King. No trust me, twill be morning presently,
And i haue hope I shall be bailde ere then.
I prethe if thou canst, entreat some of the Prisoners to keepe
me company a paire of houres, or so: and wee le spend them
e the rouse of healths, and all shall be my cost.
Say, wilt thou please me?

Port. If that will pleasure ye sir, ye shall not want for compa-
ny, heres jaow that can tend it, they haue hunger & ease enough
at all times.

King. Theres a couple of Gentlemen in the next Roome, I
prethe let them come in, and theres an *Harry* Sonoraigrie for
thee.

Port. I thanke you sir, I am as much beholding to you, as
to *King Harry* sonit.

King. I, I assure thee thou art.

Well M. Constable, you haue made the Counter.

This night, the Royall Court of *Englands* King:

And by my crowne I sweare, I would not for

A Thousand Pound I were otherwise.

The Officers in Citties, now I see,

Are like an Orchard set with severall Trees,

Where one must cherish one, rebuke the other:

And in this wretched Counters I perceiue,

Money playes fast and loose, purchases fauour,

And without that, nought but misery.

A poore Gentleman hath made complaint to me,

I am wdone (quoth he) and kept in prison,

For one of your fellowes that serues the King,

Being bound for him, and he neglecting me,

Hath brought me to this woe and misery.

Another Citizen there is, complains

When you see me, you know me.

Of one belonging to the Cardinall,
That in his Masters name hath taken vp
Commodities, valued at a Thousand Pound,
The payment being deferd hath caus'd him breake,
And so is quite vndone. Thus Kings and Lords I see,
Are oft abused by seruants treacherie,
But whilst awhile, here comes my fellow Prisoners.

Enter the Prisoners.

1 Pri. Wheres this Bullie *Grig*, this lad of life, that will
scoure the Counter with right renish to night? Oh Sir you are
welcome.

King. I thanke yee sir, nay weele bee as great as our word, I
assure ye. Heere Porter, ther's money, fetch Wine I prethe:
Gentlemen you cannot be merry in this Melancholy place, but
here's a lad has his heart as light as his Purse. Sirra, thou art
some mad slaue I thinke, a regular companion: won that vses
to walke a nights, or so. Art thou not?

1 Pri. Harke ethen care, th'art a good fellow.

King. I am right borne I assure thee.

1 Pri. King *Harrie* loues a man, and thou a woman:

Shall I reach thee some wit?

And tell thee why I meet thee heere?

I went and set my lime twigs, and I thinke

I got some Hundred Pound

By a crooked measure at *Coomes-parke*:

And now seejing ther's watch laid,

And much search for suspicious persons:

I got won as honest as my selfe to arrest me

By a contrary name, and lay me eth counter,

And heere I know they'll nere seek me,

And so when the heats ore, I am at libertie,

And meane to spend my crownes lustilie:

How likst thou this my Bullie?

King. An excellent policie.

1 Pri. But mum, no words, vse it for your selfe, or so.

King. O sir, feare it not, bee merry Gentlemen: Is not this

When you see mee, you know mee

Wine come yet? Gods me, forget our chiefe guest, wheres my sword and buckler-man? Wheres *Blacke Will*? How now man, Melancholly? let not a little wipe make vs enemies, clap hands, and be friends.

Will. My bloods vp still (hands.

King. When tis at highest it will fall againe, come handes,

Blacke Will. Ile shake hands with thee, because thou carriest a Sword and Buckler, yet thou art not right Cauleere, thou knowst not how to vse them, chaste a heauie arme.

King. I, a good smart stroke.

Will. Thou cutt my head indeed, but twas no play, thou layest open enough, I could haue entred at my pleasure.

King. Nay I haue stout guard I assure ye.

Will. Childish to a man of valour, when thou shouldst haue borne thy buckler heere, thou letst it fall to thy knee, thou gauest mee a wipe, but twas meere chance: but had wee not beene parted, I had taught ye a little Schoole play I warrant ye.

Brandon speakes without

Bran. What hoe, porter: who keepes the gates there?

Port. Who knocks so fast?

Enter Brandon and Compton hastily.

Comp. Stand by sirrah.

Port. Keepe backe I say, whither will ye presse amongst the prisoners?

Bran. Sirrah to the Court, and we must in.

Port. Why sir, the Courts not kept ith Counter to day.

Bran. Yes when the King is there,
All happinesse betide our Soveraigne.

Will. Sownes King *Harry*.

Pri. Lord I beseech thee no.

Omnes. We call intreat your Grace to pardon vs.

King. Stand vp good men: besafew you *Brandon* for disco-
uering vs, we shall not spend our time so well this moneth: but
ther's no remedie now, the worst is this,

The Court good fellows must be removed the sooner,

Ye all are Courtiers yet. Nay, nay, come forward.

Even now you know we were more familiar:

You see policies holde not alwaies currant.

I am

When you see mee, you know mee.

I am found out, and so I thinke will you be:

Goe Porter let him be remoued to *Newgate*,

This place I see is too secure for him:

Wele send you further word for his bestowing.

1 Pri. I beseech your Grace,

King. There's no grace in thee, nor none for thee:

Goe, away with him. *Exit Porter and Prisoner.*

Will. Sownes I shall to *Tyburne* presently.

King. Gentlemen, you that haue beene wrong'd By my ser-
uants and the Cardinals, shall giue me neerer notes of it,
Both what they are, and how much debt they owe yee:

Send your petitions to the Court to me,

And doubt not but you shall haue remedie:

Ther's Fortie Angels, drinke to *King Harries* health,

And thinke withall, much wrong Kings men may doe

The which their Masters nere consent vnto.

2 Pri. God bleffe your Maiestie with happy life,

That thus respects your wofull Subiects grieffe.

King. Wheres *Blacke Will*, nay come neerer man,

I came nerer you though ye mislike my play.

Will. Beth Lord, your Maiesties the best sword and buckler
man in *Europe*, ye lye as close to your wards, carrie your point
as faire, that no Fencer comes neere ye for gallant Fence-play.

King. Nay, now ye flatter me.

Will. Foregod ye broake my head most gallantly.

King. I but twas by chance yee know, but now your heads
broake, you looke for a plaister I am sure.

Will. And your Grace will giue mee leaue, He put it vp and
goe my waies presently.

King. Nay soft sir, the keeper will deny yee that priuiledge;
Come hither firrah, because yee shall know *King Harrie* loues
a man, and I perceiue ther's some mettall in thee, ther's Twenty
Angels for thee, marry it shall bee to keepe ye in prison still, till
wee haue further vse for yee. If ye can breake through watches
with egres and regres so valiantly, yee shall doot amongst your
Countries enemies.

Will. The Wars sweet King, tis my delight, my desire, my
chaire of State, create me but a cattord Corporall, and giue me
some

When you see me, you know me.

Some preheminance ouer the vulgar hot-shots, and I beat them
not forward to as braue attempts, and march my selfe jth Vant-
guard, as ere Cannon against a Castle wall, break my head in two
places more, and consume mee with the mouth of a double cul-
uering, Ile liue and dye with thee sweet King.

King. T will be your best courtie sir, goe take him in,
When we haue need of men, weele send for him.

Will. God blesse your Maiestie, jle goe drinke to your health.

Exit.

King. Begone sir, keeper I thanke you for your lodging,
Nay indeed I doe, I know had ye known vs, it had been better,
Pray tell the Constable that brought vs hither,
We thanke him, and commend his faithfull seruice.

Gentlemen lets heare from you, and so God morrow,
Keeper, ther's for my fees, discharge the offices:
And giue them charge that none discover vs,
Till we are past the Cittie: in this disguise we came,
Weele keepe vs still, and so depart againe.

Once more God morrow, you may now report,
Your Counter was one night King *Henries* Court.

Away and leaue vs, *Brandon* what further newes? *Exit.*

Bran. The old King of *France* is dead my Liege,
And left your sister *Marie* a young widdow,

King. God forbid man, what not so soone I hope,
She has not yet been married Fortie daies:
Is this newes certaine?

Bran. Most true my Lord.

King. Alas poore *Mary*, so soone a widdow,
Before thy wedding robes be halfe worn out:

We must then prepare blacke funerall garmentstoo,
Well, weele haue her home, the league is broake:
And weele not trust her safety with the French.

Charles Brandon you shall goe to *France* for her,
See that your traine be richly furnished,

And if she daring *French* braue thee in attempts
Of Honor, Barriers, Tilt and Turnaments:

So to retaine her, beare thee like thy selfe,
An *English* man, dreadlesse of the proudest:

And

When you see mee, you know mee.

And highly scorning lowly hardinesse.

Brace. I shall my Sovereigne, and in her Honour,

Ile cast a Challenge through all the Courts:

And dare the proudest Peere in *France* for her.

King. Commend me to the *Ladie Katherine Parry.*

Give her this Ring, tell her on Sunday next

She shall be *Queene*, and crown'd at *Westminster.*

And *Anne of Cleave* shall be sent home againe:

Come sirs, wee leaue the Citty, and the counter now,

The day begins to breake, lets hie to Court,

And once a quarter we desire such sport.

Exit.

Enter the Cardinall reading a Letter, Bonner in his

Bishops Robes.

Wool. My reverend Lord of *London,*

Our trustie friend, the King of *France* is dead

And in his death, our hopes are hindred:

The Emperour too, mislikes his praises:

But wee shall crosse him for't I doubt it not:

And tread upon his pompe Imperiall,

That thus hath wrong'd the English *Cardinalls.*

Bob. Your Graces letters by *Camper* sent,

I doubt not but shall worke your full content.

Wool. I, that must be our safest way to worke,

Money will make vs men, when men stand out:

The Bastard *Fredericke* to attaine the place,

Hath made an offer to the *Cardinalls,*

Of Threescore Thousand Pound, which we will pay,

Three times thrice double, ere wee loose the day.

Enter Will Stammers, and Patch.

Patch. Come cousen *William,* Ile bring yee to my Lord
Cardinall presently.

Will. I thank yee cousen, and when you come to the Court
Ile bring you to the King againe, yee know cousen, hee gave
ye

When you see me, you know mee.

ye an Angell.

Patch. I, but he giue me such a blowe, that care for it, as I care not for comming jns sight againe while I liue.

Woolfis. How now *Patch*, who haue you got there? what *Will Summers*, welcome good *William*.

Will. I thanke your Grace, I hard say your Lordshippe had made two new Lords here, and fushetwo old fooles are cometo waite on them.

Ben. Wee thanke ye *William*.

Patch. Your Lordship will be well guarded, and we follow ye, The Kings foole, and the Cardinals, and we are no small fooles I assure yee.

Will. No indeed, my cousen *Patch* heere, is something too square to be set on your shoe, marrie and youle weare him on your shoulder, the foole shall ride yee.

Wool. A shrewde foole *Benner*, come hither *William*, I haue a quarrell to you since your last ryming.

Will. About your faire Leaman at *Charles* my Lord, I remember.

Ben. You speake plaine *William*.

Will. Yee never know somes flatterer I warrant yee.

Wool. Well *Will*, ile trie your ryming with once more, What say you to this? The bells hang hie, and lowd they crie, what doe they speake?

Will. If you should die, theres none would cry, though your necke should breake.

Wool. You are lonishing bitter *William*. But come on, once more I am for yee. A rod in Schoole, a whip for a fobler, is alwaies in season.

Will. A halter and a noose, for him that would be Pope, Against all right and reason.

Wool. Hees too hard for me still, Ile giue him ouer, come tell me *Will*, whats the newes at Court?

Will. Marry my Lord, they say the King must bee married this morning.

Wool. Married *Will*, to whome I prethe?

Will. Why, to my Ladie *Katherine Perry*; I was once by, when he was wooing on her, and then I doubted they would go together

When you see mee, you know where.

together shortly.

Wool. Holy Saint Peter sheeld his Maiestie,
She is the hope of *Luthers* heretic,
If she be Queene, the Protestants will swell,
And *Crammer*, Tutor to the Prince of *Wales*,
Will boldly speake gainst *Romes* Religion,
But Bishops weele to Court immediately,
And plot the downfall of these *Lutherans*:
You two are Tutors to the Princesse *Mary*,
Still ply her to the Popes obedience,
And make her hate the name of protestant:
I do suspect that *Latimer* and *Ridley*,
Chiefe teachers of the faire *Elizabeth*,
Are not sound Catholiques, nor friends to Rome,
If it be so, weele soone remouethem all:
Tis better they should die, then Thousands fall.
Come follow vs. *Maister Will*, and *Patch*.

Exeunt

Will. Your Lords mad, till her bee at the *Wedding*, was marvell the King stole it so secretly and neere told him, but alls one, if he bee married, let him play with his Queene to night: and then to morrow hele call for me, theres no for me the *Will*, foole still. What shall we doe consent

Patch. He goe get the key of the Wine-seller, and you and Ie keepe a passage there to night.

Will. Wee haue but a little wit betweene vs althow we consen, and so we should haue none at all.

Patch. When our wits bee gone, weele sleepe eith seller, and lie without our wits for one night.

Will. Content, and then eith morning weele but wet them with an other cup more, and thail shau like a rasor all day after. Come close goodcuzze, let no bodie goe with vs, least they be drunke before vs, for fooles are innocents and must be acceffarie to no mans overthrow.

Exit

End

When you see mee, you know mee.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter King, Queene Katherine, Cardinall, Seymour, Dudley, Gray.

Enter Compton, crying Hoboyes.

King. Welcome Queene Katherine, seat thee by our side,
Thy light faire Queene, by vs thus dignified,
Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen,
Against ye all, weele be chiefe Challenger,
To fight at Barriours, Tilt, and Tournament,
In honour of the faire Queene Katherine.

Quee. We thanke your highness, and beseech your Grace,
Forbeare such hazard of your Royall person,
Without such honors is your handmaid please,
Obediently to yeeld all loue and dutie,
That may besecme your sacred Maiestie.

King. Give me mercie, but where are our Children?
Prince Edward, Marie, and Elizabeth,
The Royall issue of Three famous Queenes,
How have we not seene them heere to day?

Dud. All my Liege attend your Maiestie,
And you the Queene, so within the presence heere.

King. Well, Dudley call Crammer in,
He is chiefe Tutor to our Princely Sonne,
For present that concerne Divinitie.

Enter Crammer.

And hee comes, Crammer, you must ply the Prince,
Let his wittnes be spent in getting Learning:
And let these linguists for choyce languages,
Be carefull for him in their best indeavours,
Bid Doctor Tye, ply him to Musicke hard,
Hee apt to Learne, therefore be diligent,
He may requite your loue when we are gone.

Cram. Your care and durie shall be had my Lord.

King. We thanke yee.
I tell thee Crammer hee is all our hopes,
That what our age shall leaue vnfinished,
In this faire raigne shall be accomplished.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Go and attend him, how now *Will Summers*, whats the newes with you?

Will Summers.

Will. I come to bid thee and thy new *Queene* Godmorrow. Looke to him *Kate* least he cozen thee, provide ciuill Orenge enough, or heele haue a Lemmon shortly.

Quee. God a mercie *Will*, thou tell me then, wilt thou not?

Will. I and watch him too, or let him nere trust me: but doeft heare *Harrie*, because I de haue thee haue the poores prayers, I haue brought the some Petitions, the Fryers and Priests pray too, but I thinke tis as Children say grace, more for fashon then devotion, therefore the poores prayers ought to bee soonest heard, because they beg for Gods sake, therefore I prethe dispatch them.

King. Read them *Seymer*.

Seymer. The humble Petition of the Lady *Seaton*, for her distressed Sonne, that hath in his owne defence, vnhappily slaine a man.

King. The Lady *Seaton*, Gods holy Mother.

Her sonne has had our pardon twice already,

Fortwo stout Subjects that his hand hath slaine.

William. And any had said so but thou *Harrie*, we haue told him a lide, he nere killd but one, thou killst the other: for and thou hadst hang'd him for the first, the two last had beene alie still.

King. The foole tels true, they wrong our Maistie.

That seeke our pardon for such crueltie:

Away with it.

Will. Giue mee it againe, it shall nere be seene more. I assure ye: and I had knowne it had come for that purpose, it should nere haue been brought for *Will* I warrant yee.

Seymer. This other comes from Two poore Prisoners at Counter.

King. Wee know the inside then, come giue them me.

Lord Cardinall, heeres one is dedicated to you.

Hold, read it: whose there?

Compton enquire for *Reekesby* a Groome of the wardrope, and bring him hither.

When you see me, you know me.

Comp. I will.

King. Cardinall, what find ye written there?

Woolfe. Mine owne diseredite, and the vndoing of an honest Cittizen, by a false seruant.

Will. Tis not your foole my Lord I warrant ye.

Wool. No Will?

Will. I thought so, I knew twas one of your knaues, for your fooler are harmlesse.

Que. Well said Will, thou louest thy maisters credit I know.

Will. I know, as well as any Courtier he keeps: I had rather he should haue the pourses praiers, then the Popes.

Que. Faith I am of thy mind Will, I thinke so too.

King. Take heed what ye say Kate, what a Lecher!

Wool. Tis heresie faire Queene, to thinke such thoughts.

Queen. And much yncharitie to wrong the poore?

Will. Well, and when the Pope is at best, he is but Saint Peters Deputie, but the poore present Christ, and therefore should be something better regarded.

King. No foole for that.

Wool. Yes, youle be whipt for this.

Will. Would the King would whip thee and all the Popes whelpes out of England once, for betweene yee, ye haue rackt and puld us, we shall be all poore shortly, you haue had Foure Hundred threescore pound within this three yeare for smoake-pence, you haue smoakt it yfaith: dost heare Harry, next time they gather them, let them take the Chimneys, and leaue the Coyne behind them, wee haue clay enough to make Bricke, though we want silver mines to make money.

King. Well William your tongue is prauiledged.

Wool. Bur my good Liege, I feare theres shrowder heads, Although kept close, has set this foole a worke, Thus to exstirpe against his holinesse.

Will. Doe not you thinke so my Lord, nor stomache no Bodie about it: yee know what the old Prouerbesaies, therefore be patient, great quarrellers smial credit winnes: When fooles set fooles, and wise men breake their shinses! Therefore thinke not on it, for Ie sit downe by thee Kate and

say

When you see me, you know me.
say nothing, for here comes one to be examined.

g Enter Compton and Rookesby.

King. O sir, you're welcome, is your name *Rookesby*?

Rookes. Your poore seruant is so calde my Lord.

King. Our seruant we ghesse ye by the cloath ye weare, but for your pouertie tis doubtfull, your credit is so good. Lets see whats the mans name, ha! *Hopkins*, doe you know the man?

Rookes. *Hopkins*? No my Lord.

King. Had you neuer no dealings with such a man?

Rookes. No, if it like your Maiestie.

King. No, if it like our Maiestie, saucie varlet.
It likes not our Maiestie thou shouldst say no.
It likes vs not, thou liest, for that we know.

You know him not, but he too well knowes you,
And lies imprisoned slave, for whatt thy due.

Rookes. Sure some envious man hath misinform'd.

King. Darst thou denie it still, out-facing knaue,
Mother a God, ile hang thee presently.
Sirra ye lie: and though ye weare the Kings cloath,
Yet we dare tell ye so before the King.
Slauer thou doest know him.

He heere complaines he is vndone by thee,
And the Kings man hath caus'd his misery.
Yet youle out face it still, denie, forswear, & lie sir, ha!

Will. Not a word more, if thou louest thy life, vlesse thou'lt
confesse all, and speake faise.

Rookes. I doe beseech your Grace.

King. Out perjur'd knaue, what doest thou serue the King,
And darst thou thus abuse our Maiestie?
And wrong my Subjects by thy trecherie?
Thinks thou false thee, thou shalt be prouedged.
Because th'art my man, so hurt my people.
Villaine, those that guard me shall regard my Honour:
Put off that coate of proofe, that strong security:
Vnder which ye march like a halbertore,
Passing through purgatorie, and none dare strike:

When you see mee, you know mee.

A Serieants maie must not presume to touch
Your sacred shoulders with the Kings owne writ,
Gods deere Lady, does the cloth ye weare,
Such priuiledge and strong prevention beare.
Ha, ist *Rookesbie*?

Rookes. My Royall Lord.

Enter a Messenger in haste.

King. Take that, and know your time to tell your
Message, *Sirra*, I am busie.

Will. So, ther's one seru'd: I thinke you would take two more
with all your heart, so you were well rid on him.

Rookes. Your pardon good my Liege.

King. Ha, pardon thee: I tell thee did it touch thy life in
ought more then mine owne displeasure, not the word should
purchase it wilde Cayniffe: Hadst thou neglected this thy dutie
to our persons danger: Hadst thou thy selfe against me bought
attempted, I might be sooner wonne to pardon thee, then for
a Subiects hatefull jniurie.

Quee. Let me intreat your Grace to pardon him.

King. Away Kate, speake not for him,

Our of my lenitie I let him live,

Discharge him from my cloath and countenance,

To the Counter to redeme his Creditor,

Where he shall satisfie the vtmost mite

Of any debt, default or hindrance:

He keepe no man to blurre my credite so,

My cloath shall not pay what my seruantes owe.

Away with him.

Now my Lord Cardinall, speakes not your paper for

Car. Yes, my good Lord, your Grace hath shewne a patterne,

To draw forth mine by, I assure your Highnesse,

The punishment inflicted on your man,

Is meant for my seruants that beares such minds,

Their Maisters thus but serue them in their kinds.

King. Wheres this fellow now that brings this newes?

William. Hee is gone with a steale in his care: But has left his

Message

When you see mee, you know mee.

Message behind with my Lord *Dudley* here.

King. And what's the newes?

Dud. Duke *Brandon* my Liege.

King. Oh, hees returnde from *France*.

And who comes with him?

Dud. His Royall wife, my Lord.

King. Ha! royall wives whose that?

Dud. Your Highnesse sister, the late *Q. of France*.

King. Our sister *Queene* his wife, who gave him her?

Gray. Tis sed they were married at *Deer*, my Liege.

King. T were better he had nere seene the *Towne*.

Dares any Subiect mixe his blood with Ours, without our
leau?

Enter Brandon and Mary

Dud. He comes himselfe my Leige, to answer it.

Bran. Health to my Soueraigne.

King. And our Brother *King*, your Message is before you: *T*
Off with his head.

Bran. I beseech your Grace giue me leau.

King. Nay, you haue taken leau, away with him, bid the
Captaine of our Guard, conuay him to the *Tower*.

Bran. Heare me my Lord.

King. Audacious *Brandon*, think it thou excuse shall serue.

Lady Mary. Right gracious Lord.

King. Go too, your prayers will scarce saue yourselfe,
Durst ye contract your selfe without our knowledge?

Hence with that hare-braine Duke to the *Tower* I say,

And beare our carelesse sister to the *Fleet*:

I know sir, you broke a *Lance* for her,

And braudly did vnhorse the *Challengers*:

Yet was there no such prize set on her head,

That you without our leau should marry her.

Quee. O my Lord, let me intreat for them.

King. Tut *Kate*, though thus I seeme
A while to threaten them,

I meane not to disgrace my sister so.

When you see me, you know me.

Away with them. What say ye Lords, I will show branded angels
Is he not worthy of death for his misdeeds?

Bon. & Gar. Vnlesse your Grace shall please to pardon him.

King. He deserues it then?

Bon. & Gar. He does my Liege.

King. You are knaues and fobles, and ye flatter mee
Gods holy Mother, Ile not haue him hurt, for all your heads
Deare *Brandon*, I embrace thee in mine armes.

Kind sister I loue you both so well,

I cannot dare an other angry frowne

To gaine a Kingdome: heere take him *Mary*,

I hold thee happier in this English choyce,

Then to be Q. of *France*: *Charles*, loue her well.

And tell on *Brandon*, whats the newes in *France*?

Bran. The league is broke betwixt the Emperor,

And the young King of *France*: Forces are mustring

On either part my Lord, for hie and foote.

Hot variance is expected speedily,

The Emperor is marching now to *London*,

There to innade the Townes of *Burgondie*.

King. God and St. *George*, weele meet his *Majestie*.

And strike a league of Christian amitie.

Lord Cardinall you shall to *France* with speed,

And in our name salute the Emperor.

Wee giue full direction for our Embassage.

The next faire wind, shall make vs *France* to see,

Where *Charles* the Emperor, and King shall meet.

Enter Cranmer, Doctor Tye, and young Brown

meets them with the Prince, Duke of

and Ham.

Cran. How now young *Brandon*, what haue you there?

Brown. The Prince, Duke and Harry Lord.

Cran. Where is his Grace?

Brown. At Tennis with the Marquesse *Duke*.

Cran. You and the Marquesse, how the Prince is mine

When you see mee, you know mee.

To follow pleasure, and neglect his booke, for which the King blames vs. But credite me,
You shall be soundly paid immediately.

Brow. I pray ye good my Lord, let me goe call the Prince away.

Cran. Nay, Now ye shall not, whose within there, ho?

Servant. My Lord, the Prince is within.

Cran. Goe beare this yonger to the Chappell strait,
And bid the Maister of the Children whippe him well:
The Prince will not learne fir, and you shall smart for it.

Brow. O good my Lord, let me make him ply his booke to morrow.

Cran. That shall not serue your turne, away I say, *Exit.*
So fit, this policie was well deuised: Since thee was whipe thus
for the Princes faults,

His Grace hath got more knowledge in a moneth,
Than he attained in a yere before,
For still the fearful boy to save his breech, in that he had yare
Doth hourly haunt him where so ere he goeth.

Tye. Tis true my Lord, and now the Prince perceiues it,
As loath to see him punished for his faults,
Plies it of purpose to redeeme the boy,
But pray my Lord, lets stand aside awhile,
And note the greeting twixt the Prince and him.

Cran. See where the boy comes to the Kings foole with him,
Lets not be seene, but list their conference.

Will. Nay boy, and yee crie youle spoyle your eye sight, come,
come trusse vp your hose, you must hold fast your wind, both
before and behind, and blow your nose.

Browne. For what foole?

Will. Why for the more in thine eye, is there not won in it,
wherefore dost thou crie else?

Brow. I pray the Will goe call the Prince from the Tenniscourt.

Will. Dost thou crie for that? nay then I smell a Ratte, the
Prince has paid the stewart to day, and his Tutor has drawne
blood of thy buttocks for't: why boy tis honourable to bee
whipt for a Prince.

Browne. I would hee would either leaue the Tenniscourt and
pich his booke, or giue me leaue to be no Courter.

Will. I, for I be sworn to thy breechles: I haue heard about it,

When you see mee, you know mee.

but looks little Ned, yonder he comes.

Enter the Prince, and the young Marquesse with their Rackets, diuers attending.

Marq. Some Rubbers for the Prince.

Servant. Here my good lord.

Prince. One take our Rackets, and reach me my Cloake.
By my faith Marquies, you are too hard for me.

Mar. Your Grace will say so, though ye ouer-match me.

Prin. Why how now *Bonum*, what's the matter?

Mar. Your Grace loyers, and will not plie your booke, and your Tutors has whipt me for it.

Prin. Alas poore Ned, I am sorry for it, I'll take the more paines, and intreat my Tutor for thee: yet in troth, the lectors they read me last night out of *Virgill* and *Ovid*, I am perfect in onelie I confesse, I am something behind in my Greeke Authors.

Will. And for that speech, they haue declinde it vppon his breech.

Prin. And for my Logicke, thou shalt witness thy selfe I am perfect: for now will I prooue, that though thou wert whipt for me, yet this whipping was good for thee.

Mar. He hardly beleue you my Lord, though Ramus himselfe should prooue it well.

Prince. Marke my Problema.

Bona virgo facit Bonum puerum:

Bonum est, te esse bonum puerum:

Ergo bona virgo, res bona est: And that's this Ned.

A good rodde makes a good boy: it's good that thou shouldst bee a good boy: therefore a good rodde is good.

Will. Nay heladie, the better the rodde is, it's the worse for him, that's certaine: but do'st heare mee, boy, since hee can prooue a rodde to bee so good, let him tak't himselfe the next time.

Prin. In truth, I pitty thee, and inwardly I feele the stripes, thou barest, and for thy sake, Ned, I'll plie my booke this faster;

When you see me, you know me.

in the meane time, thou shalt not say, but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy seruice: come *Browne*, kneele downe.

Will. What, wilt thou Knight him, Ned?

Pri. I will, my father ha's knighted many a one, that neuer shedde droppe of blood for him, but hee ha's often for mee.

Will. O braue! he lookes like the myrrour of Knighthood alreadie.

Enter Compt. Cleere the presence, Gentlemen, the King is comming.

Prin. The King's gods me, reach me my booke: call my Tutors in: come *Browne*, Ile confirme thy Knight-hood afore the King.

Enter the King.

Mar. Here be your Tutors my Lord, and yonder the King comes.

Prin. Health to your Maiestie.

King. Goda mercie Ned, I, at your booke so hard, 'tis well, 'tis well; now Bishop *Crammer*, and good doctor *Tye*, I was going to the gallorie, and to haue had your Scholler with mee, but seeing you's so busie, Ile not trouble him, come on *Will*, come, goe you along with mee, what make you among the Schollers heere?

Will. I come to learne my qui, que, quod, to keepe mee from the rod; marre her's one, was whipt in pudding time, for he ha's gotten a Knight-hood about it: looke old *Harris*, doe's hee not looke more furious then he was wont?

King. Who *Will*, young *Browne*, Gods Mary Mother his Father is a gallant Knight, as any these south parts of England holds.

Will. He cannot compare with his Son tho, if hee were right *Donsal delphaine*, or the very Knight of the Sonne himselfe, yet this Knight shall vnderstand him.

King. When was he made a Knight *Will*?

Will. Marry ith last action, I can assure you, there was hotter-

When you see mee, you know mee.

vice, and some on him came so neere him, they had like to smelt
on it but, when all was done, the poore Gentleman was pitifully
wounded in the backe parts, as may appeare by the scarre, if his
Knighthip would but vnrulle there.

King. But who knighted him *William*?
Will. That did Ned heere: and he has earn'd it too, for I am
sure, this two yeere he has been lasht, for his learning.

King. Ha, how come hither Ned, is this true?

Pri. It is, my Lord, and I hope your Highnesse will confirme
my deed.

King. Confirme it, Gods holy Morher, what shrewd boyes
are thide: *Crane* and *Tye*, doe ye obseue the Prince, now
by my Crowne, yong Ned thou hast honor'd me.

I like thy Kingly spirit, that loues to see

Thy friends aduanc't to tipes of dignitie.

Yong Knight come hither, what the Prince hath done

Wee here confirme, be still sir *Edward Browne*:

But heere ye Ned, now you haue made him Knight,

You must giue him some liuing, or else tis nothing.

Will. I by my troth, he is now but a Knight vnder *Forme Pa-*
per, for a Knight without lining, is no better than an ordinarie
Gallant!

King. Well, what will ye giue him Ned?

Prince. When I haue heard of something that may doe him
good, I will intreat your Majestie for him, and ich mean time
from mine owne allowance ile maintaine him.

King. Tis well said, but for your sake Some *Edward*, wele pro-
vide for him: *Crane*, see presently a Parent drawne, where ich
wee will confirme to him from our Exchequer a Thousand
Markes a yeere.

Brow. I thank your Majestie.
And as I am true Knight, Ile fight and die for ye.

Will. Now if your Tutors come to whipe ye, you may chuse
whether yeoule vnrulle with order of armes.

King. Well Ned, see ye please your learning, and lets haue
no more Knights made in this Action, look to him *Browne*,
if he loyter, his Tutors will haue you vp for e.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Brown. I hope my Lord, they dare not whip me now.

King. Berladie Sir, thats doubtfull.

Will. If they doe, hee shall make thee Lord, and then they dare not.

King. Well *Cranmer* weele leaue yee, when your Pupill has done this taske yee set him now, let him come and visite vs: on Gentlemen into the Galerie.

Pris. Heaven keeps your Maestie,
Gentlemen draw neerer

Exit.

Tye. God morrow to your Grace.

Pris. God morrow Tutors at Noone, tis God even, is it not?

Cran. Wee saw not your Grace to day.

Pr. Oye quippe me cunningly for my Trewanship, that I was not at my booke to day, but I haue thought of that yee read last night, I assure ye.

Cran. Wee doubt it not faire Prince: Lords, Gentlemen giue leaue.

Will. All void the roome, theres but Schollers and fooles.

Cran. I hope your Excellence can answere me in that Axiom of Philosophie, I propounded to yee.

Prince I promise yee Tutor, tis a Probleme to mee, for the difference of your Authors opinions, makes mee differ in mine owne: some say, *Omne animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, that euery liuing creature is, or man, or beast.

Will. Then a womans a beast, for shees no man.

Pris. Peace *William*, youle be expul'd else: And againe some Authors affirme, that euery beast is foure-footed.

Will. Then a fooles no beast, for he has but two.

Pris. Yet againe will.

Will. Mum Ned, no words, he beas still as a small bagpippe.

Cran. *Omne Animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*: And thus its proued

When you see me, you know me.

prooued my Lord, *Omne animal, est rationale, vel irrationale;*
Homo est rationalis, Bestia irrationalis;

Ergo omne Animal, homo est, vel bestia;
Monght all the creatures in this Vniuerse,

Or on the earth, or flying in the ayre,

Man onely reason hath, others oneliesence,

So what is onelie sensuall, is not man, but beast:

For man both sence and reason hath:

So everie creature, hauing one of these, is sure, or man, or
beast: and though all beasts are not foure-footed,

Will. Thats certaine, a louse has sixe.

Cran. I beseech your Grace.

Pri. Away *William.*

Will. Not a word more as I am *William.*

Cran. For many beasts haue wings seruing in stead of feet,
and some haue hornes, of which we thus esteeme, *Animal cor-*
nutum, non habet dentes supremas, No horned beast hath teeth a-
boue the roose.

Will. Thats a lye, a Cuckold has.

Pri. Thrust the foole out of the presence there.

Will. Well, *Cedant arma togæ,* The Schollers shall haue the
fooles place.

Exit. Will.

Pri. Well *Cranmer,* you haue made me able to prooue a man
no beast, if hee prooue not himselfe so, wee le now leaue this:
And now resolue mee for Diuinitie, *Cranmer* I loue yee, and I
loue your Learning, speake and wee heare yee:
God giue you truth that you may giue it me,

This Land yeknow stands wauering in her Faith,

Betwixt the Papiests and the Protestants,

You know we all must die, and this flesh

Part, with her part of immortalitie,

Tutor, I do beleue both Heaven and Hell:

Doe you know any third place for the soules abode

Cal'd Purgatorie, as some would haue me thinke,

For from my sister *Mary* and her Tutors,

I haue oft receiued Letters to that purpose:

I loue ye *Cranmer,* and shall beleue what ere ye speake,

Therefore I charge ye tell the truth.

Cran.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Cran. How thinks your Grace, is there a place of Purgatorie or no?

Pri. Truly I thinke none, yet must I vrge to you whats said To me, this world you know hath beene Five Thousand yeeeres Still encreasing, still decreasing, still replenisht, How long it will be, none knowes but he that made it, We all do call our selues Gods Children, yet sure some are not, But thinke ye Tutor, that the compasse of that heaven and hell Is able to containe those soules so numberlesse, That euer breathed since the first breath was giuen, Without a *Tertium*, or a third place?

Cran. Who puts these doubts within your Graces head, Are like their owne beleefe, slight, and vnregarded, And is as easilie answered and confuted:

Quod est infinitum, non habet finem.
Celum est opus Dei, opus Dei est infinitum.
Ergo Caelum, est infinitum.

That which is infinite hath no end at all, For that eternitie, that everlasting essence, That did concord heaven, earth, and hell to be, Is of himselfe all infinite, that heaven and hell are so, His power, his worker, and words doe witness it, For what is infinite, hath in it selfe no end, Then must the heavens which is his glorious seat, Be incomprehensible containing him, Then what should need a third place to containe A world of infinites so vast and maine?

Prince. I thanke ye Crammer, and doe belecue yee, What other proofes haue been maintain'd to me Or shall be, you shall know and ayd me in them. Ynough for this time, who's there? Doctor Tye Our Musicks Lecturer? pray draw neere. Indeed I take much delight in ye.

Tye In Musicke may your Grace ever delight, Though not in me, Musicke is fit for Kings, And not for those knowes not the chime of strings.

Pri. Truly I loue it, yet there are a sort Seeming more pure than wise, that will vpbraide at it,

When you see mee, you know mee.

Calling it idle, vaine, and frivolous.

Tye. Your Grace hath said, indeed they doe vpbraid
That earme it so, and those that doe are such
As in themselves no happy concords hold,
All Musicke jars with them, but sounds of good,
But wold your Grace a while be patient,
In Musicks praise, thus will I heere it.
Musicke is heavenly, for in Heaven is Musicke,
For there the Seraphims doe sing continually,
And when the best was borne, that ever was man,
A Quire of Angels sang for ioy of it,
What of Celestiall was reueald to man,
Was much of Musicke, tis said the beasts did worship,
And sang before the Deitie supernall,
The kingly Prophet sang before the Arke,
And with his Musicke charmd the heart of Sam,
And if the Poet faile vs not my Lord,
The dulcet tongue of Musicke made the stones
To moue, irrationall beasts, and birds to daunce,
And last, the Trumpets Musicke shall awake the dead,
And cloath their naked bones in coats of flesh,
T appeare in that high house of Parliament,
When those that gnash their Teeth at Musicke sound,
Shall make that place where Musicke nere was found.

Pri. Thou giuest it perfect life, skillfull Doctor
I thank thee for the honour'd praise thou giuest it,
I pray thee lets heare it too. *(run'd instruments.)*

Tye. Tis ready for your Grace, giue breath to your loud

Loud Musicke.

Pri. Tis well, mee thinkes in this sound I prooue a compleat
age.

As Musicke, So is man govern'd by stops,
Aw'd by diuiding notes, sometimes aloft,
Sometime below, and when he hath again'd,
His high and loftie pitch, breathed his sharpest and most
Shrillest ayre, yet as length tis gone,
And falls downe flat to his conclusion, *(Soft Musicke.)*
Another sweetnesse, and harmonious sound,

When you see mee, you know mee.

A milder straine, another kind agreement,
Yet mong' st these many strings, be one vntun'd
Or jarreth low, or higher than binde,
Not keeping steddie meane among' st the rest,
Corrupts them all, so doth bad men the best.

Tye. Inough, Let voyces now delight his Princely care.

A Song.

Pri. Doctor, I thanke you and commend your cunning,
I oft haue heard my Father merrily speake,
In your high praise, and thus his Highnesse saith,
England, one God, one truth, one Doctor hath
For Musicks Art, and that is Doctor *Tye*,
Admir'd for skill in Musicks harmonie.

Tye. Your Grace doth honour me with kind acceptance,
Yet one thing more, I doe beseech your Excellence
To daine to patronize this homely worke,
Which I vnto your Grace haue dedicate.

Pri. What is the Title?

Tye. The Acts of the holy Apostles turn'd into verse,
Which I haue set in severall parts to sing,
Worthy Acts, and worthily in you remembred.

Pri. Ile peruse them, and satisfie your paines,
And haue them sung within my fathers Chappell:
I thanke ye both. Now Ile craue leaue a while
To be a little idle: pray let our Linguists,
French and Italian, to morrow morne be ready
I must conferre with them, or I shall leese
My little practise, so God-den good Tutors. *Exit.*

Cran. Health to your Highnesse, God increase your daies:
The hope of England, and of Learning's praise.

Enter Bonner, and Gardiner reading.

Bon. What haue ye here my Lord of *Windsor*?

Gar. Hereticall and damned Heresies,
Precepts that *Cranmers* wisdom taught the Prince,
The Pope and wee are held as Herenicks,
What thinkst thou *Bonner* of this wavering age?

Bon. As Sea-men doe of stormes, yet hope for faire weather,
Berlady *Gardiner* we must looke about.

When you see mee, you know mee.

The Protestants begin to gather head,
Luther hath sown well, and *England* ground
Is fat and fertile to increase his seed,
Heres lofty plants, what *Bishops* and prelates,
In nobilitie temporall, but we shall temperall
At the returne of our high *Cardinall*.

Gard. *Bon.* tis true, but in meane time we must
Prevent this rancke or that now swells so big,
That it must out, or breake, they haue a dangerous head.
And much I feare.

Bon. What, nor the King I hope?

Gard. Tis doubtfull he will bend, but sure
Queene *Katherine* a strong *Lutheran*, hard ye nor
How in presence of the King and *Cardinall*,
She did extirpe against his holinesse.

Bon. But had our English *Cardinall* once attained,
The high possession of *Saint Peters* Chaire,
Heed barre some tongues that now haue scope too much,
Tis he must doe *Gardiner*, tis a perilous thing,

Queene *Katherine* can do much with *Englands* King, and I hold

Gard. I *Bonner*, that is the summe of all,
There must be no Queene, or the *Abbies* fall.

Bon. See where she comes with the Kings Sister,
And from the Princes lodging, lets salute her.

Gard. God morrow to your Maiestie.

Quee. God morrow to my reuerent Lords of *London*
and of *Winchester*, saw ye the King today?

Bon. His Highnesse was not yet abroad this Mornings,
But heere we will attend his Excellence.

Quee. Come sister weele go see his Maiestie.

La. Mary. Wee will attend ye Madam.

Quee. Gentlemen set forward, God morrow Lords.

Gard. Ill morrow must it be to you or vs,
Conspirators gainst men religious,

Bonner, these *Lutherans* doe conspire I see,
And scoffe the Pope and his supremacie.

Bon. Lets strike in time then, and iocene the King,
And sodainely their states to ruine bring:

When you see mee, you know mee.

The Trumpets sounds, it seemes the Queene is comming;
Weele watch and take aduantage cunningly.

*Enter the King, Queene, Lady Mary, Brandon, Seymer,
Gray and Dudley.*

King. Wheres Brandon?

Bran. My Liege.

King. Come hither Kate.

Bran. Did your Grace call?

King. Ile speake we ye anon, Ile speake we ye anon: Come Kate
lets walke a little, whosethere? my Lords of London and of
Winchester, welcome, welcome: by this your Maister the Car-
dinall I troe, has parted with the Emperour, and set a League be-
tweene the French and him; Mother of God,
I would our selfe in person had beene there;
But *Woolseys* diligence we need not feare,
Ha, thinke ye he will not?

Gard. No doubt he will my Lord.

King. I *Gardiner* will be his best policie,
Their friendship must aduance his dignitie,
If ere he get the Papall gouernance.

Dud. And that will never be I hope.

Seymer. Twere pittie it should.

Gray. Hee's proud enough already.

King. Haw, whats that ye talke there.

Bran. They say my Lord liee's gone with such a traine,
As if he should be elected presently.

King. Fore-god tis a gallant Priest, come hither *Charles*, pre-
thee let me leane a thy shoulder, by Saint *George*, Kate I grow
stiffe me thinks.

Quee. Wilt please your Highnesse sit and rest your selfe?

King. No, no Kate, Ile walke still, *Brandon* shall stay mine
arme, jme far and pursue, and twill get me a stomacke: Sawst the
Princeto day Kate?

Quee. I my good Lord.

King. God blesse him, and make him fortunate, I tell yee
Lords, the hope that *England* hath, is now in him, fore-god I
thinke old *Harrie* must leaue ye shortly; well, Gods will bee

When you see me, you know me.

done, heere be old shuffling then, ha, will there not well, you
say nothing, pray God there be not, I like not this difference in
religion I, Gods deere Lady, and I liue but seven yeeres longer,
weele take order thoroughly.

Bon. We heare that *Luther* out of *Germany*
Hath writ a booke vnto your Maiestie,
Wherein he much repents his former deeds,
Craving your Highnesse pardon, and withall
Submits himselfe vnto your Graces pleasure.

King. *Bonnet* tis true, and we haue answered it,
Claming at first his haughtie insolence,
And now his lightnesse and inconstancie,
That writ he knew not what so childishly.

Gar. Much blood shed there is now in *Germanie*,
About this difference in religion,
With *Lutherans*, *Arians*, and *Anabaptists*,
As halfe the Province of *Helvetia*,
Is with their tumults almost quite destroyed.

Quee. Me thinks I were well my Royall Sovereigne
Your Grace, the Emperor, and the Christian Kings,
Would call a Counsaile and peruse the bookes,
That *Luther* writ against the *Catholikes*,
And superstitions against the Church of *Rome*,
And if they teach a truer way to Heauen,
Agreeing with the *Hebrew Testament*,
Why should they not be read and followed?

King. Thou saist well *Kate*, so they agree with the scriptures,
I thinke tis lawfull to peruse and read them, speake *Bishops*?

Gar. Most vnlawfull my deere Sovereigne,
Vnlesse permitted by his Holinesse.

Quee. How prooue ye that my Lord?

King. Well said *Kate*, to them againe good wench, Lords
giue vs leaue a while, a void the preience there, wele heare the
Bishops and my *Queene* dispute.

Quee. I am a weake Scholler my Lord,
But on condition that your highnesse, nor these reverent Lords,
Will take no acception at my womans wit,
I am content to hold them Argumens

And

When you see me, you know me.

And first with reverence to his Maiestie
Pray tell me, Why would you make the King beleefe,
His Highnesse and the people vnder him,
Are tided so strictly to obey the Pope?

Bon. Because faire Queene he is Gods Deputie.

Quee. So are all Kings; and God himselfe commaunders
The King to rule, and people to obey,
And both to loue and honour him:

But you that are sworne seruants vnto Rome,

How are ye faithfull Subiects to the King,
When first you serue the Pope, then after him?

Gard. Madam, these are that sectes of Lutherans,
That makes your Highnesse so mistake the scriptures,
Your slender Arguments thus answered
Before the King, God must be worshipped.

Quee. Tis true, but pray you answer this:
Suppose, the King by Proclamation,
Commanded you, and euery of his Subiects,
On paine of death, and forfeit of his goods,
To spurne against the Popes authoritie:
Ye know the Scripture binds ye to obey him,
But this I thinke, if that his Grace did so,
Your slight obedience all the world should know.

King. Gods-mother Kate, thoust toucht them there,
What say ye to that Bonner?

Bon. Were it to any but her Maiestie,
These questions were confuted easily.

Quee. Pray tell the King then, what scripture haue ye
To teach Religion in an vknowne Language?
Instruct the ignorant to kneele to Saints,
By bare-foote pilgrimage to visit shrines,
For money to release from Purgatorie,
The vildest villaine, theefe, or murderer,
All this the people must beleefe you can,
Such is the dregs of Romes Religion.

Gard. I, those are the speeches of those Heretickes,
Grammer, Ridley, and blunt Latimer,
That daily raile against his holinesse.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Filling the Land with hatefull heresies,

Quee. Nay bee not angry nor mistake them Lords,
What they haue said or done, was mildly followed,
As by their Articles are euident.

King. Where are those Articles *Kate*?

Quee. He go and fetch them to your Maiestie,
And pray your Highnesse view them graciously.

Exit. Queene.

King. Go fetch them *Kate*: a firra, wee haue women doctors,
Now I see, Mother a God, here's a fine world the while,
That twixt so many mens opinions,
The holy Scriptures must be banded thus.

Gard. God graunt it breed no farther detriment,
Vnto your Crowne and sacred dignities,
They that would alter thus Religion,
I feare they scarcely loue your Royall person.

King. Ha! take heed what you doe say *Gardiner*.

Gard. My loue and duty to your Maiestie,
Bids me be bold to speake my conscience,
Vnlesse your safetie and your life they hate,
Why should they daily thus disturbe the state
To smoothe the face of false rebellion,
Proud traytors will pretend Religion.
For vnder colour of reformation
The vpstart followers of *Wickeliffes* doctrine,
In the fift *Henries* daies arise in armes:
And had not diligent care prevented them,
Their powers had sodainely surpris'd the King,
And good my Liege who knowes their proud intent,
That thus rebell against your government?

King. Shroude proofes be lacy, and by Saint *Peter*,
I sweare we will not trust their gentlenesse,
Speake *Gardiner* and resolue vs speedily,
Whose the ring-leader of this huslie crew?

Bon. Vnlesse your Highnesse please to pardon vs,
We dare not speake, nor vrge your Maiestie.

King. We pardon what ye speake, resolue vs speedily.

Gard.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Gard. Then if your Royall person will be safe,
Your life prefer'd, and this faire Realme in peace,
And all these troubles smoothly pacified,

The Queene deere Lord must be removed from you.

King. Haw, the Queene, bold Sir advise yew well,
Take heed ye doe not wrong her Loyalty.

Gard. See heere my Leige are proofes too manifest,

Her Highnesse with a sect of *Lutherans*,

Haue private meetings, secret conuenticles,

To wrest the grounds of all religion,

Seeking by tumults to subuert the state,

The which without your Maiesties consent,

Is treason capitall against the Crowne.

Bon. And seeing without the knowledge of your Grace,

They dare attempt these dangerous Stratagems,

Tis to be fearde which heauen we may prevent,

They doe conspire against your sacred life.

Gard. Why else, should all these private meetings bee,
without the knowledge of your Maiestie?

King. Mother a God, these proofes are probable,

And strong presumptions doe confirme your words,

within there, ho?

Enter Compton.

Comp. My Lord.

King. See *William Compton* see the doores made fast,

Double our Guard, let none come neere our person,

Summon the Counsell to conferre with vs,

Bid them attend vs in the privy chamber?

Comp. Heere is a Letter for your Maiesty

From *Martyn Luther* out of Germany.

King. Damnd *Schismaticke* still will he trouble vs,

With bookes and Letters, leaue it and be gone.

Exit Compton.

The villaine thinks to smoothe his treachery,

By fawning speeches to our Maiestie,

But by my *George* Lord Bishops if I liue,

What you see now, you know more.

He roote his favorites from England's bound,
What writest thou now?

Gar. Now *Banner* fits, the game is for a foot,
The King is now incensed, lets follow close
To have *Queene Katherine* shorter by a head,
These Heresies will cease when she is dead.

King. Holy *Saine Peter* what a knave is this,
Ere while he writ submissively to vs;
And now againe repents his humbleness.
Bishops, it seemes being rough with our reply,
He writest hus boldly to our *Majestic*
Gardiner looke heere, he was deceaved he saies
When he thought to find *John Baptist* in the
Courts of Princes, or resident with those that are
Cloathed in purple, Mother a God, is not a dangerous knave

Gar. False *Luther* knaves, he has great friends in *England*:
Else durst he not thus move your *Majestic*.

King. Weete such his friends off, ere they grow too strong,
And sweepe these vipers from our state ere long.
No maruell though *Queene Katherine* plead for him,
That is I feare the greatest *Lutheran*,
How is your counsels we proceed in these?

Bon. Twere best your Grace did send her to the Tower,
Before they further doe conferre with her.

King. Let it be so, goe get a warrant drawne,
And with a strong Guard beare her to the Tow
Our hand shall signe your large Commission,
Let *Cranmer* from the Prince be straight remooved,
And come not neere the Court on paine of death,
Mother a God, shall I be baffled thus
By traitors, rebels, and false heretickes:
Get Articles for her arraignment readie,
If she of treason be convicted, I sweare,
Her head goes off, were she my Kingdomes heire.

Sound. Exit.

Enter the Prince, Cranmer, Tye, and the young Lords.

Pri. Cranmer.

Cran.

When you shall see your grace

Cran. My Lord, I have not yet seen your grace.

Pri. Where is *Erasmus* your Italian Tutor?

Cran. He does attend your Grace without my Lord.

Pri. Tell him, anon we will conferre with him.

Wee pleie our learning *Brow*, lest you be beaten.

We will not have your Knighthood so disgrac't.

Brow. I thanke ye good my Lord.

And your Grace would but a little pleie your Learning.

I warrant yelle keepe my Knighthood from breeching.

Prin. Faith *Ned* I will: how now what letter's that?

Servant. From your Graces sister the Lady *Mary*.

Prin. Come giue it me, we will see the contents.

Crammer, my sister oft hath writ to me,

That you and Bishop *Bonner* might conferre

About these points of new Religion.

Tell me Tutor, will ye dispute with him?

Cran. With all my heart my Lord and with the King.

Would dauides heare our disputation.

Prin. What hast thou there?

Ser. A letter from your Royall sister young *Elizabeth*.

Prin. Another letter? we open this.

Well, we will view them both immediately.

I pray ye attend us in the new Chamber.

And Tutors, if I call ye out before.

Giue me some notice if the King my Father

Bewalkt abroad, I must goe visit him.

Tye. We will faise Prince.

Prin. What sayes my sister *Mary* she is eldest.

And by due course must first be answered.

The blessed Mother of the Redeemer, with all the Angels and holy

Saints be intercessors to procure thee of Idolatrie, caluocates be

Saints for helpe.

Alas good Sister, still in this opinion!

These are thy blinded Tutors *Boner* & *Cardine*,

That wrong thy thoughts with foolish heresies.

He read no farther: to him will I send my

For preseruation, that can himselfe preserue,

Without the helpe of Saint or ceremony.

When you see mee, you know mee.

What writes Elizabeth, sweet sister thou hast my heart,
And of Prince Edward thou hast greifed part.

Sweet Prince Edward, thee with thy sister Elizabeth,
Be stedfast in thy faith, and let thy prayers
Be dedicate to God, and let him be thy strength,
Can strengthen thee, and confound thine enemies.
Give a sealed assurance of thy hope in heaven,
God strengthen thee in all thy doings,
And give thee grace to stand firm in his word,
Heaven send thee life to inherit thy Edward.
To God I commend thee, who still I pray preserve thee.

Thy loving sister Elizabeth.
Loving thou art, and of me best beloved,
Thy lines shall be my contentations dures,
And in thy virtues will I meditate,
To Christ Ile onely pray for me and thee.
This I embrace, away Idolatrie,
How now Cranmer, where is the King?

Cran. Conferring with his Council gracious Prince,
There is some earnest businesse troubles him,
The Guards are doubled, and commandment given,
That none be suffered to come near the presence,
God keepe his Maiestie from our hands.

Pri. Amen good Cranmer, what should disturb him thus?
Is Cardinall Woolsey yet returned from France?

Tye. I my good Lord, and this day comes to Court.

Prin. Perhaps this busie businesse of the King
Is touching Woolsey, and his Embassage.

Cran. Pray God it be not worse my Lord.

Tye. Heere comes Sir William Compton from his highnesse.

Comp. Health to your Excellence.

Pri. What newes sir William?

Comp. The King expects your Graces company,
And wils your highnesse to come and speake with him,
And Doctor Cranmer, from his Maiestie,
I charge ye speedily to leave the Court.

And

When you see mee, you know mee.

And come not neere the Prince on paine of death,
Without direction from the King and Peeres.

Cran. Sir I obay yee, God so deale with mee,
As I haue wisht vnto his Maiestie.

Prin. *Crammer* banish the Court, for what I pray.

Comp. I know not gracious Lord, pray pardon me,
Tis the Kings pleasure, and trust me I am sorry
It was my hap to bring this heauie message.

Cran. Nay good sir *William*, your message moues not me,
My seruice to his Royall Maiestie
Was alwaies true, and lust, to helpe ye heauens
Onely I pray your Grace to moue the King
That I may come to try all speedily,
And if in ought I haue deserved death,
Let me not draw another minutes breath. *Exit Crammer.*

Comp. Will ye go my Lord.

Pri. Not yet, we are not your prisoner, are we sir?

Comp. No my deere Lord.

Pri. Then goe before, and we will follow ye;
Your worship will forget your selfe I see. *Enter Tye.*
My Tutor thrust from Court so sodainlie, this is strange.

Tye. The Queene my Lord is come to speake with you.

Enter the Queene.

Prin. Auoide the presence then, and conduct her in,
Ile speake with her, and after see the King.

Queene. Leau vs alone I pray yee.

Pri. Your Grace is welcome, how fares your Maiesty.

Quee. Never so ill deare Prince, for now I feare
Even as a wretched cariffe killd with care,
I am accusde of Treason, and the King
Is now incounsell to dispose of me,
I know his frowne is death, and I shall die.

Pri. Who are your accusers?

Quee. I know not.

Pri. How know yee then his Grace is so incensd?

Quee. One of my Gentlemen passing by the presence,
Tooke vp this bill of accusations.

When you see me, you know me.

Wherein twelue Articles are drawne against me,
It seemes my false accusers lost it there,
Heere they accuse me of Conspiracie,
That I with *Craumer, Latimer, and Ridley*,
Doe seeke to raise rebellion in the State,
Alter Religion, and bring *Luther* in,
And to new government enforce the King.

Prince. Then that the cause that *Craumer* was remooued,
But did your Highnesse confer with them,
As they haue heere accuse ye to the King?

Quee. Never, nor euer had I one such thought,
As I haue hope in him my soule hath bought.

Pr. Then feare not gracious Madam, Ile to the King,
And doubt not but Ile make your peace with him.

Quee. O plead for me, tell him my soule is cleare,
Never did thought of Treason harbour heere,
As I intended no his sacred life.

So be it to my soule, or joy, or greefe.

Pri. Stay heer till I returne, Ile moue his Maiestie,
That you may answer your accusers presently.

Quee. O I shall neuer come to speake with him,
The Lyon in his rage is not so fierce.

As Royall *Henry* in his wrathfull spleene,
And they that haue accuse me to his Grace,

Will worke such meanes I nere shall see his face,
Wretched *Queene Katherine*, would thou hadst bene

Kate Parre still, and not great *Englands* *Queene*.

Comp. Health to your Maiestie,

Quee. With me (good *Compton*) woe and miserie,
This giddie flattering world I hate and scoffe,

Ere long I know *Queene Katherine* head must cū,
Came ye from the King?

Comp. I did faire *Queene*, and much sad tidings bring,
His Grace in secret hath reuealed to me

What is intended to your Maiestie,

Which in loue and duty to your Highnesse,

Am come to tell ye and to counsell ye

The best I can in this extremitie.

Then

When you see me, you know me.

Then on my knees I dare intreat your Grace,
Not to reueale what I shall say in you,
For then I am assur'd that death is my due.

Queen. I will not on my faith, good Compton speake,
That with thy sad reports my heart may breake.

Comp. Thus then at your faire feet my life I lay,
In hope to driue your Highnesse cares away:
You are accus'd of high Conspiracie
And Treason gainst his Royall Maiestie.
So much they haue incens'd his Excellencie,
That he hath graunted him Commission
To attach your person and conuay yo hence,
Close prisoner to the Tower, Articles are drawne,
And time appointed for arraignment there:
Good Madam be aduis'd, by this I know,
The officers are sent to arrest your person:
Prevent their Malice, hast ye to the King.
He vsf such meanes that you shall speake with him,
There plead your jnnocencie, I know his Grace
Will heare ye mildly therefore delay not,
If you be taken ere you see the King,
I feare ye never more shall speake to him.

Quee. Oh Compton twist thy loue and my sage feare,
I feele ten thousand sad vexations heere,
Lead on I pray, He be aduis'd by thee,
The King is angrie and the Queene must die. *Exit.*

Enter Bonner and Gardiner with the Commission

Gar. Come Bonner now strike sure, the yrons hot.
Vrge all thou canst, let nothing be forgot.
We haue the Kings hand here to warrant vs,
Twas well the Cardinall came and so luckily,
Who vrgd, the state would quite be ruined,
If that Religion thus were altered.
Which made his Highnesse with a fiery spleene,
Direct our warrants to attach the Queene.

Bon. Twas excellent, that Cedar once orethrowne,

To

When you see me, you know meed II

To crop the lower shurbs let vs alone.

Gard. Those Articles of accusation,
Wee fram'd against her being lost by you,
Had like to overthrow our policy,
Had we not stoutly yrge his Maiestie.

Bon. Well, well, what's now to be done?

Gard. A Guard must be provided speedily,
To beare her prisoner vnto *London Tower*,
And watch conuenient place to atest her person.

Bon. Tush, any place shall serue, for who dares contradict
His Highnesse hand, even from his sideweale halg her,
And beare her quickly, to her longest home,
Least we and ours by her to ruine come.

Gard. About it then, let them vntimely die,
That scorne the Pope and *Romes* Supremacie.

*Enter the King and Prince, the Guard
before them.*

King Guard, watch the doores and let none come nere vs,
But such as are attendant on our person:
Mother a God tis time to hurre, I see,
When traitors creepe so neere our Maiestie:
Must English *Harry* walk with armed guards
Now in this old age, must I feare my life,
By hatefull treason of my Queene and wife.

Pri. I do beseech your Royall Maiestie,
To hear her speake ere ye condemne her thus.

King. Go too Ned, I charge ye speake not for her,
she's a dangerous traitor, how now, who knocks so loud there.

Gard. Tis *Cardinall Woolfe* my Lord.

King. And it be the Diuill, tell him he comes not heere,
Bid him attend vs till our better leasure:
Come hither *Ned*, let me conferre with you,
Didst euer heare the disputation
Twixt *Cranmer*, & the Queen about religion.

Prim. Never my Lord, I thinke they never yet,
At any time had speech concerning it.

King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. O thou art. deceiued *Ned*, It is too certaine, *knocke.*
Hoyday more knocking, knock yrons on his heeles,
And beare him hence what ere he be, disturbes vs, who ist?

Gard. Sir *William Compton* my Liege.

King. Ist he, well let him in, Gods holy mother, heer's a stir
indeed, *Compton* ye knocke too loud for entrance heere.
You care not though the King bee ne're so neere, say yee sir
haw.

Comp. I doe beseech your pardon for my boldnesse.

King. Well, what's your businesse?

Comp. The Queene my Lord intreats to speake with you,

King. Body a me, is she not rested yet?
Why do they not conuay her to the Tower.
We gaue commission to attach her presently.
Where is shee?

Comp. At the doore my Sovereigne.

King. So neere our Presence, keepe her out I charge ye.
Bend all your Holbeards points against the doore,
If she presume to enter, strike her through,
Dare she presume againe to looke vpon vs?

Pri. Vpon my knees, I do beseech your Highnesse
To heare her speake.

King. Vp *Ned*, stand vp, I will not looke on her,
Mother a God stand close and guard it sure,
If she come in, jle hang ye all I sweare.

Pri. I doe beseech your Grace.

King. Sir boy no more, jle heere no more of her,
Proud slut, bould traitresse, and forgetfull beast,
Yet dare she further moue our patience.

Pri. Ile pawne my Princely word, right Royall Father,
She shall not speake a word to anger ye.

King. Will you pawne your word for her, mother a God
The Prince of *Wales* his word is warrant for a King,
And we will take it *Ned*, go call her in.

Enter Queene.

Sir *William* let the Guard attend without,
Reach me a chaire, all bur the Prince depart.
How now, what doe you weepe and kneele,
Dus your blacke soule the guilt of conscience feeles?

When you see mee, you know mee.

Out, out, you are a Traytor.

Quee. A traitor, O you all seeing powers,
Heere witnesse to my Lord my loyaltie!

A Traitor. Oh then you are too mercifull,
If I haue Treason in me, why rip you not
My vglie heart out with your weapons point?
O my good Lord, if it haue traitors bloud,
It will be blacke, deform'd and tenebrous;
If not, from it will spring a scarlet fountaine,
And spit defiance in their perjur'd throats
That haue accusde me to your Maiestie,
Making my state thus full of miserie.

King. Canst thou denie it?

Quee. Else should I wrongfully accuse my selfe.
O my deare Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To satisfie your wronged Queene in this,
Vpon what ground growes this suspicion,
Or who thus wrongfully accuseth me,
Of cursed treason gainst your Maiestie?

King. Some probable effects my selfe can witnesse,
Others our faithfull Subjects can testifie:
Haue you not oft maintained arguments,
Even to our face against religion?
Which joynd with other complors, show it selfe,
As it is gathered by our Loyall Subiects,
For treason Capitall against our person?
Gods holy Mother, youle remoue vs quickly,
And turne me out, old Harrie must away,
Now in mine age, lame, and halfe bed-rid,
Or else youle keepe me fast jnough in prison,
Haw, mistris, these are no hatefull treasons these.

Qu. Heaven on my fore-head write my worst intent,
And let your hate against my life be bent,
If ever thought of jll against your Maiestie,
Was harbour'd heere, refuse me gracious God,
To your face my Leige, if to your face I speake it,
It manifests no complot, nor no treason,
Nor are they Loyall that so iniure me;

What

When you see mee, you know mee.

What I did speake, was as my womans wit,
To hold out Argument, could compasse it,
My punie Schollership is held too weake
To maintaine proofes about religion,
Alas I did it but to wast the time,
Knowing as then your Grace was weake and sicklie,
So to expell part of your paine and griefe:
And for my good intent they seeke my life,
O God, how am I wrong'd?

King. Ha, saist thou so, was it no otherwise?

Quee. What should I say, that you might credit me,
If I am false, heaven strike me sodainely.

King. Bodie a mee, what everlasting knaues are these that
wrong thee thus, alas poore *Kate*, come stand vp, stand vp, wipe
thine eies, wipe thine eies, fore-god t'was told me that thou wert
a traitor: I could hardly thinke it, but that it was applide so hard
to me, Gods-mother *Kate* I feare my life I tell yee, *King Harrie*
would bee loath to die by treason now, that has bidde so many
brunts vnblemished, yet I confesse that now I grow stiffe, my
Legges faile mee first, but they stand furthest from my heart
and thats still sound, I thanke my God: giue me thy hand, come
kisse me *Kate*, so now jme friends againe, hurton knaues, craftie
varlets, make thee a traitor to old *Harries* life, well, well, jle meet
with some on them, Sfoote come sit on my knee *Kate*, Mother a
god, he that sayes th'art false to me, by *Englands* Crown jle hang
him presently.

Quee. When I haue thought of jll against your state,
Let me be made the vildest reprobate.

King. That's my good *Kate*, but bith marrie God, *Queene*
Katherine you must thanke Prince *Edward* here,
For, but for him, th'adst gone to th Tower I sweare.

Quee. I shall be ever thankfull to his Highnesse,
And pray for him and for your Maiestie.

King. Come *Kate* wele walke a while i th Garden heere, who
keepees the doore there?

Comp. My Lord.

King. Sir *William Compton*, heere take my Ring.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bid Doctor Crammer hast to Court againe,
Giue him that token of King *Henries* loue,
Discharge our Guards, we feare no traitors hand,
Our state, beloued of all, doth firmly stand:
Goe *Compton*.

Comp. I goe my Lord.

King. Bid *Woolsey* hast him to our Royall presence,
Great Charles the mighty Romaine Emperour,
Our Nephew, and the hope of Christendome
Is come to see his Vnckle and the English Court;
Weele entertaine him with Imperiall port:
Come hither *Ned*.

*g Enter Bonner and Gardiner with
the Guard.*

Gar. Fellowes, stay there, and when I call, come forward;
The seruice you pursue is for the King;
Therefore I charge ye performe it boldlie,
We haue his hand and seale to warrant it.

Guard. Weele follow you with resolution sir,
The Church is on our side, what should we feare?

Gar. See yonder, sheest alking with his Maiestie;
Thinke you wee may attempt to take her heere?

Bon. Why should we not, haue we not firme Com-
mission to attach her any where? be bold, and feare not:
Fellowes come forward.

King. How now, whats heere to doe?

Queen. The Bishops it seemes my Lord would speake with
you!

King. With bills and holberds, well tarrie there *Kate*;
He goe my selfe; Now, wherefore come you?

Gard. As loyall Subiects to your state and person,
We come to apprehend that traiterous woman.

King. Yare a couple of drunken knaues and varlets,
Gods holy Mother she is more true and iust,
Then any Prelate that Subornes the Pope:
Thus to vsurpe vpon our Government

Call

When you see me, you know me.

Call you her Traytor, yee are lying beasts and false conspira-
tours.

Bon. Your Maiestie hath seene what proofes we had.

King. Heere you *Bonner*, you are a whorson Coxcombe,
What proofes had ye, but treasons of your owne inventions?

Quee. O my deare Lord, respect the reverent Bishops
Bonner and *Gardiner* loues your Maiestie.

King. Alas poore *Kate*, thou thinkst full little what they
come for:

Thou hast small reason to commend their loues,
That falsly haue accusde thy harmelesse life.

Quee. O God, are these mine enemies?

Gard. We haue your Highnesse hand to warrant it.

King. Lets see it then.

Gard. Tis heere my Liege.

King. So, now yee haue both my hands to contradict what
one hand did: and now Our word againe shall serue as warrant
to beare you both as prisoners to the Fleete.

Where you shall answer this conspiracie.

You fellows that came to attach the *Queene*,
Lay hands on them, and beare them to the Fleete.

Quee. O I beseech your Highnesse on my knees,
Remit the doome of their imprisonment.

King. Stand vp good *Kate*, thou wrongst thy Maiestie,
To plead for them that thus haue injurde thee.

Quee. I haue forgotten it, and doe still intreat
Their humble pardons at your gracious feet.

King. Mother a God, what a foolish woman's this,
Well, for her sake we reuoke our doome,
But come not neere vs as you loue your liues:

Away and leaue vs, you are knaues and miscreants,
Whorson Caitiffes, come to attach my *Queene*!

Quee. Vex not my Lord, it will distemper you.

¶ Enter Brandon.

King. Mother a God, Ile temper some on them for't.
How now *Brandon*?

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bran. The Emperour my Lord,

King. Get a traine readie there, *Charles Brandon* come
Weele meet the Monarke of imperiall Rome:

Go *Ned*, prepare your selfe to meet the Emperour,
Weele send you further notice of our pleasure.

Enter Cardinall and Will.

Attend the Prince there : Welcome Lord Cardinall,
Hath not our tedious journey into *France*,
Disturbd your Gfaces health and reverent person?

Will. No, no ne're feare him *Harry*, he has got
More by the journey, heele be Pope shortly.

King. What *William*, how chance I haue not seene you to
day ? I thought you would not haue beene the hindmost man
to salute me.

Will. No more I am not *Harry*, for yonder is Patch behind
mee, I could never get him before mee since thou conjurst him
jth great Chamber, all the horses jth towne cannot hawle him
into thy presence I warrant thee.

King. Will he not come in?

Will. Not for the world, he stands watching at the dore,
Heele not stirre while the Cardinall come;
Then the foole will follow him everie where.

Wool. I thanke you *William*, I am beholding to you still.

Will. Nay my Lord, I am more beholding vnto you, I thanke
your Foole for it, we haue ranfakled your Winefellers since you
went into *France* : Doe you blush my Lord? na, thats nothing,
you haue Wine there is able to set a coulour in any mans face
I warrant it.

King. Why *William*, is the Cardinals wine so good?

Will. Better then thine i^{le} be sworne, Ile take but two hand-
fuls of his Wine, and it shall fill foure Hogs-heads of thine,
(looke heere else.)

Wool. *Mor dien.*

Will. *Mor diuell*, jst not ? for without conjuring you could
never doe it : But I pray you my Lord call vpon *Mor dien* no
longer, but speake plaine English, you haue deceiued the King
in

When you see mee, you know mee.

in French and Latine long enough a conscience.

King. Is his Wine turned into Gold, *Will?*

Wool. The foole mistakes, my gracious Sovereigne.

Will. I, I my Lord, ne're set your wit to the fooles,

Will. *Summers* will be secret now, and say nothing. If I would be a blabbe of my tongue, I could tell the King how many barrels full of Gold and Siluer there was, sixe Tuns filled with plate and jewels, Twenty great Trunkes with crosses, Crosiers, Copes, Miters, Maces, Golden Crucifixes, besides the Foure Hundred and Twelue Thousand Pounds that poore Chimneys paid for Peter pance. But this is nothing, for when you are Pope, you may pardon your selfe for more knaverie then this comes to.

King. Goe to foole, you wrong the Cardinall,
But grieue not *Woolfie*, *William* will be bold:
I pray you set on to meet the Emperour,
The Maior and Cittizens are gone before;
The Prince of *Wales* shall follow presently,
And with our *George* and Collier of Estate,
Present him with the order of the Garter:
Great *Maximilian* his Progenitour,
Vpon his brest did weare the English Crosse,
And vnderneath our Standerd marcht in armes,
Receiuing pay for all his warlicke hoste;
And *Charles* with Knight-hood shall be honored.
Begin Lord Cardinall, greete his Maiestie,
And we our selfe will follow presentlie.

Wool. I goe my Sovereigne.

Will. Faireweather after yee:

Well, and ere hee comes to bee Pops, I shall bee plung'd for this.

Queene. *William*, you haue angred the Cardinall I can tell you.

King. Tis no matter *Kate*, Ile anger him worse ere long,
Though for a while I smooth it to his face:
I did suspect what heere the foole hath found,
He keepes forsooth a high Court Legantine,

Taxing

When you see me, you know me.

Taxing our Subiects, gathering summes of Gold,
Which he belike hath hid to make him Pope;
A Gods name let him, that shall be our owne.
But to our businesse, come Queene *Katherine*,
You shall with vs to meet the Emperour,
Let all your Ladies be in readinesse:
Go, let our Guard attend the Prince of *Wales*,
Vpon our selfe, the Lords and Pentioners
Shall giue attendance in their best array,
Let all estates be ready; come faire *Kate*,
The Emperour shall see our English state.

Sound.

Sound.

*Enter Emperour, Cardinall, Maior,
and Gentlemen.*

Wool. Your Maiestie is welcome into *England*,
The King our Maister, will reioyce to see
Great *Charles* the Royall Emperours Maiestie.
Emp. We thanke you for your paines my good Lord Cardinall,
And much our longing eyes desire to see
Our Kingly Vncle and his Princely Sonne,
And therefore, when you please I pray set on.

Wool. On Gentlemen, and meete the Prince of *Wales*,
That comes fore runner to his Royall father,
To entertaine the Christian Emperour:
Meane while your Maiestie may here behold
This warlike Kingdome faire *Metropolis*,
The Citty *London*, and the River *Thames*,
And note the scituation of the place.

Empe. We doe my Lord, and count it admirable:
But see Lord Admirall, the Prince is comming.

Sound.

*Enter the Prince with a Herald before him, bearing the
Collar and Garter, the Guard and Lords attending.*

Empe. Well met young Cousen.

Prince. I kisse your Highnesse,
And bid you welcometo my Fathers land,

When you see mee, you know mee.

I shall not need inferre comparisons,
Welcome beyond compare, for so your Excellencie
Hath honoured England, in containing you,
As with all state and princely pompe wee can,
Weele entertaine great *Charles* the Austrian:
And first, in signe of honour to your grace,
I heere present the Collar of estate,
This golden Garter of the knight-hoods order,
An honour to renowne the Emperour:
Thus as my Father hath commanded me,
I entertaine your Royall Maiestie.

Empe. True honoured off-spring of a famous King,
Thou dost amaze me, and dost make me wish
I were a second sonne to *Englands* Lord,
In interchange of my imperiall seate;
To live with thee faire hope of Maiestie,
So well our welcome wee accept of thee,
And with such princely spirit pronounce the word,
Thy fathers state, can no more state afford.

Prin. Yes my good Lord, in him there's Maiestie.
In me there's loue with tender infancie. *Sound Trumpets*
Wool. The trumpets sound my Lord, the King is
comming.

Prin. Goe all of you attend his Royall person,
Whilst we obserue the Emperours Maiestie.

Sound.

*¶ Enter the Herald's first, then the Trumpets, next the guard, then
Mace bearer and Swords, then the Cardinall, then Brandon,
then the King, after him the Queene, Ladie Mary, and Ladies
attending.*

King. Hold, stand I say.

Brin. Stand gentlemen.

Wool. Cease those trumpets there.

King. Is the Emperour yet come in sight of vs?

Wool. His Maiestie is hard at hand my Lord.

King. Then *Brandon*, sheath our Sword, and beare our

When you see mee, you know mee.

Maces down,

In honour of my Lord the Emperour:

Forward againe.

Bran. On Gentlemen afore, sound trumpets and let forwards.

Prim. Behold my Father, gracious Emperour.

Empe. Weele meet him consent:

Vnckle of *England*, King of *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the ancient Christian Faith,
With greater joy I do embrace thy breast,
Then When the Seven Electors crowned me
Great Emperour of the Christian Monarchie.

King. Great *Charles*, The first Emperour of *Athmayne*, King of the Romans, *Semper Augustus*, Warlike King of *Spain* and *Cicily*, both *Napels*, *Navar*, and *Aragon*, King of *Greece* and great *Ierusalem*, Arch-duke of *Austria*, Duke of *Millaine*, *Babant*, *Burgundy*, *Tyrrell*, and *Flanders*, with this great Title embrace thy breast,

And how thy sight doth please, suppose the rest,

Sound Trumpets while my faire Queene *Katherine*

Giues entertainment to the Emperour,

Sound

Welcome againe to *England* Princely Goosen,

We dwell heret, but in an outward Continent,

Where Winters ice-cickles hangs on our beards,

Bordring vpon the frozen *Orcades*,

Our Mother-point, compass with the Artick Sea,

Where raging *Boreas* styes from winters mouth,

Yet are our bloods as hot, as where the Sunne doth rise,

Wee haue no Golden Mynes to lead you to,

But hearts of prooffe, and what wee speake, wee do.

Empe. Wee thanke you Vnckle, and now must chide you,
If wee be welcome to your Countrey,

Why is the ancient League now broke betwix vs?

Why haue your Heralds in the *French Kings* cause,

Breathed defiance against our Dignitie,

When face to face, wee met at *Landsfey*?

King. My Heralds to defend your Maiestie?

Your Grace mistakes, We sent Embassadors

When you seemes, you know me.

To treat a peace betwene the French and you,
Not to defie you as an enemy.

Empe. Yet Vnckle in King *Henries* names he came,
And boldly to our face did giue the same.

Card. Hell stop that fatall boding Emperours throte,
That sings against vs this dismall Ravens note.

King. Mother of God, if this be true we see,
There are more Kings in *England* now then wee:

Wheres Cardinall *Woolsey*?
Heard you this newes in *France*?

Wool. I did my Liege, and by my meanes was done,
He not deny it; I had Commission
To joyne a league betwixt the French and him,
Which he withstanding as an enemy,
I did defie him from your Maiestie.

King. Durst thou presume so, base-borne Cardinall,
Without our knowledge to abuse our name;
Presumptuous Traitor, vnder what pretence
Didst thou attempt to braue the Emperour?
Belike thou meantst to leuell at a Crowne,
But thy ambitious crowne shall hurle thee downe.

Wool. With reverence to your Maiestie, I did no more
Then I can answer to the holy Sea;

King. Villaine, thou canst not answer it to me,
Nor shaddow thy insulting trecherie:
How durst ye sirra in your Embassage,
Vnknowne to vs, stampe in our Royall coyne
The base impression of your Cardinall Hat,
As if you were copartner in the Crowne?

Ego, & Rex meus: you and your King must be
In equall state, and pompe, and Maiestie:
Out of my presence hatefull impudencie.

Wool. Remember my Liege that I am Cardinall,
And Deputie vnto his Holinesse,

King. Be the Diuells Deputy, I care not I,
He not be puffed by your trecherie;
Ye are false abusers of Religion,
You can corrupt it and forbid the King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Vpon the penaltie of the Popes blacke curse,
If he should pawne his Crowne for souldiers pay,
Not to suppress an old religious Abbey,
Yet you at pleasure haue subverted foure,
Seizing their Lands, turning vp heaps of Gold,
Secret conveiance of our Royall seale,
To raise Collections to enrich thy state,
For which sir, we command you leaue the Court,
We here discharge you of your office:
You that are *Caiphas*, or great *Cardinall*,
Hast you with speed vnto your *Bishopricke*,
There keepe you, till you here further from vs:

Away, and speake thus
Wool, Yet will I proudly passe as *Cardinall*,
Although this day define my heavy fall,

Empe. I feare *King Henry*, and my royall Vncle,
The *Cardinall* will curse my progresse hither.

King. No matter: coosen, be shure his trecherous heart,
Haz mou'd my blood to much impatience.

Enter Will Sommers.

Where's *Will Sommers*? come on wise *William*,
We must vse your little wits, to chase this
Anger from our blood againes:
What art thou doing?

Will. I am looking rotund about the *Emperour*, mee thinkes
tis a strange sight, for though he hath scene more fooles then I,
yet I neuer saw more *Emperours* but him.

Empe. is this *Will Sommers*? I haue heard of him in all the
Princes Courts in *Christendome*.

Will. Law ye my Lord, you haue a famous foole of me,
I can tell yee,

Will Sommers is knowne farre and neere ye see.

King. I, are you ryming *William*, na, then I am for yee, I
haue not rymed with ye a great while, and now Ile challenge ye,
and the *Emperour* shall be iudge betwene vs.

Will. Content my Lord, I am for ye all, come but one at once

When you see mee, you know mee.

and I care not,

King. Say ye so sir, come *Kate*, stand by me,
Weele put him to a non-plus presently.

Quee. To him *Will*.

Will. I warrant you Madam.

King. Answere this sir,

The bud is spred, the Rose is red, the leafe is greene,

Will. A wench t'is sed, was found in your bed, besides the
Queene.

Queene. Godamercy for that *Will*.

Theres two Angels for thee:

Ifaith my Lord, I am glad I know it.

King. Gods mother *Kate*, wilt thou beleue the foole? hee
lies, he lies, a sirra *William*, I perceine and't had beene so, you
would haue shamed me before the Emperour, yet *William* haue
at you once more,

In yonder Tower, theres a flower, that hath my hart,

Will. Within this houre, she pist full sowre, and let a fart.

Empe. Hees too hard for you my Lord, j'letrie him one ven-
nie my selfe, What say you to this *William*?

An Emperour is great, high is his seat, who is his foe?

Will. The worme that shall eate, his carkas for meat, whether
he will or no.

Empe. Well answered *Will*, yet once more I am for ye,
A ruddy lip, with a cherry tip, is fit for a King.

Will. I, so he may dip, about her hip, i'th tother thing.

Empe. Has put me downe my Lord.

Will. Who comes next then?

King. The Queene *William*, looke to your selfe,
To him *Kate*.

Queene. Come on *William*, answer to this,
What cold I take, my head doth ake, What Physick's good?

Will. Heeres one will make, the cold to breake, and warme
your blood.

Quee. I am not repulst at first *William*, againe sir,
Women and their wills, are dangerous ill, as some men suppose.

Will. She that puddings fills, when snow lies o'th hills, must
keepe cleane her nose,

When you see mee, you know mee

King. Inough good *William*, y'are too hard for all:
My Lord the Emperour, wee delay too long
Your promised welcome to the English Court,
The Honourable order of the Garter,
Your Maiestie shall take immediately,
And sit in stalde therewith in *Windsor* Castle,
I tell yce there are lads girt with that order,
That will yngirt the proudest Champion.
Set forwards there, regard the Emperours state,
First in our Court weele banquet merrily,
Then mount on steeds, and girt in compleat Steele,
Weele tugge at Barriers, Tilt and Tournament:
Then shall yee see the Yeomen of my Guard
Wrestle, shoote, throw the sledge, or pitch the barre,
Or any other actiue exercise:
Those Triumphs past, weele forthwith hast to *Windsor*,
Saint *Georges* Knight shall be the Christian Emperour.

Exeunt Omnes.

F F N I S.



